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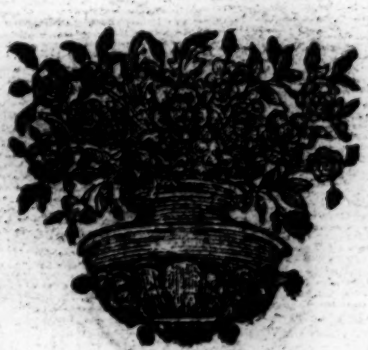
A

TREATISE

ON

Polite CONVERSATION.



DUBLIN:
Printed by and for GEORGE FAULKNER.
M,DCC,XXX,VIII.

ERRATA, in the INTRODUCTION.

Page xvii. Line 12. *for* Direction, *read* Diſcretion,

Page xx. Line 11. *for* I have therefore, by the chief Patterns, *read* Wherein I follow the chief Patterns.

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN

INTRODUCTION

To the following

TREATISE.

AS my Life hath been chiefly ſpent in conſulting the Honour and Welfare of my Country, for more than forty Years paſt; not without anſwerable Succeſs, if the World, and my Friends, have not flattered me; ſo, there is no Point wherein I have ſo much laboured, as that of improving, and poliſhing all Parts of Converſation between Perſons of Quality, whether they meet by Accident or Invitation, at Meals, Tea, or Viſits, Mornings, Noons, or Evenings.

I HAVE paſſed, perhaps, more Time, than any other Man of my Age and Country, in Viſits, and

Aſſemblies, where the polite Perſons, of both Sexes, diſtinguiſh themſelves; and could not, without much Grief obſerve, how frequently both Gentlemen, and Ladies, are at a Loſs for Queſtions, Anſwers, Replies, and Rejoynders. However, my Concern was much abated, when I found, that theſe Defects were not occaſioned by any Want of Materials, but becauſe theſe Materials were not in every Hand. For Inſtance: One Lady can give an Anſwer better than aſk a Queſtion. One Gentleman is happy at a Reply; another excels in a Rejoynder: One can revive a languiſhing Converſation, by a ſudden ſurprizing Sentence; another is more dextrous in ſeconding; a third can fill the Gap with laughing or commending what hath been ſaid. Thus, freſh Hints may be ſtarted, and the Ball of Diſcourſe kept up.

But alas, this is too ſeldom the Caſe, even in the moſt ſelect Companies. How often do we ſee at Court, at publick viſiting Days, at great Men's Levees, and other Places of general Meeting, that the Converſation falls and drops to nothing, like a Fire without ſupply of Fuel. This is what we all ought to lament; and againſt this dangerous Evil, I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following Papers provided an infallible Remedy.

It was in the Year 1695, and the Sixth of his late Majeſty King William the Third, of ever glorious and immortal Memory, who reſcued three Kingdoms from Popery and Slavery; when being about the Age of ſix and thirty, my Judgment mature, of good Reputation in the World, and well acquainted with the beſt Families in Town; I determined to ſpend five Mornings, to dine four Times, paſs three Afternoons, and ſix Evenings every Week, in the Houſes of the moſt polite Families;

milies; of which I would confine my ſelf to fifty; only changing as the Maſters or Ladies died, or left the Town, or grew out of Vogue, or ſunk in their Fortunes, or (which to me was of the higheſt Moment) became diſaffected to the Government: Which Practice I have followed ever ſince, to this very Day; except, when I happened at any Time to be ſick, or in the Spleen upon cloudy Weather; and except, when I entertained four of each Sex in my own Lodgings once a Month, by Way of Retaliation.

I ALWAYS kept a large Table-Book in my Pocket; and as ſoon as I left the Company, I immediately entred the choiceſt Expreſſions that paſſed during the Viſit; which, returning home, I tranſcribed in a fair Hand, but ſomewhat enlarged; and had made the greateſt Part of my Collection in twelve Years, but not digeſted into any Method: For, this I found was a Work of infinite Labour, and what required the niceſt Judgment, and conſequently could not be brought to any Degree of Perfection, in leſs than ſixteen Years more: Herein, I reſolved to exceed the Advice of *Horace*, a *Roman* Poet, (which I have read in Mr. *Creech*'s admirable Tranſlation) that an Author ſhould keep his Works nine Years in his Cloſet, before he ventured to publiſh them; and finding, that I ſtill received ſome additional Flowers of Wit and Language, although in a very ſmall Number, I determined to defer the Publication, to purſue my Deſign, and exhauſt, if poſſible, the whole Subject, that I might preſent a compleat Syſtem to the World. For, I am convinced by long Experience, that the Criticks will be as ſevere as their old Envy againſt me can make them. I foreſee they will object, that I have inſerted many Anſwers and Replies, which

which are neither witty, humourous, polite, or authentick; and have omitted others, that would have been highly uſeful, as well as entertaining. But let them come to Particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their Malice.

For theſe laſt ſix or ſeven Years, I have not been able to add above nine valuable Sentences to enrich my Collection: From whence I conclude, that what remains, will amount only to a Trifle. However, if after the Publication of this Work, any Lady or Gentleman when they have read it, ſhall find the leaſt Thing of Importance omitted, I deſire they will pleaſe to ſupply my Defects, by communicating to me their Diſcoveries; and their Letters may be directed to *Simon Wagſtaff*, Eſq; at his Lodgings next Door to the *Gloceſter* Head in St. *James*'s Street, (paying the Poſtage) in return of which Favour, I ſhall make honourable mention of their Names in a ſhort Preface to the ſecond Edition.

In the mean Time, I cannot but with ſome Pride, and much Pleaſure, congratulate with my dear Country, which hath outdone all the Nations of *Europe*, in advancing the whole Art of Converſation, to the greateſt Height it is capable of reaching. And therefore, being entirely convinced, that the Collection I now offer to the Publick, is full and compleat; I may at the ſame Time boldly affirm, that the whole Genius, Humour, Politeneſs, and Eloquence of *England*, are ſummed up in it. Nor, is the Treaſure ſmall, wherein are to be found, at leaſt, a thouſand ſhining Queſtions, Anſwers, Repartees, Replies, and Rejoynders, fitted to adorn every Kind of Diſcourſe that an Aſſembly of *Engliſh* Ladies, and Gentlemen, met together for their mutual Entertainment can poſſibly want;

want; eſpecially when the ſeveral Flowers ſhall be ſet off and improved by the Speakers with every Circumſtance of Preface and Circumlocution in proper Terms; and attended with Praiſe, Laughter, or Admiration. There is a natural involuntary Diſtortion of the Muſcles, which is the anatomical Cauſe of Laughter: But there is another Cauſe of Laughter which Decency requires, and is the undoubted Mark of a good Taſte, as well as of a polite obliging Behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much Obſervation, long Practice, and a ſound Judgment. I did therefore once intend, for the Eaſe of the Learner, to ſet down in all Parts of the following Dialogues, certain Marks, Aſteriſks, or Nota Bene's, (in *Engliſh*, Markwell's) after moſt Queſtions, and every Reply or Anſwer; directing exactly the Moment when one, two, or all the Company are to laugh. But, having duly conſidered, that this Expedient would too much enlarge the Bulk of the Volume, and conſequently the Price; and likewiſe, that ſomething ought to be left for ingenious Readers to find out: I have determined to leave that whole Affair, although of great Importance, to their own Diſcretion.

The Reader muſt learn by all means to diſtinguiſh between Proverbs, and thoſe polite Speeches which beautify Converſation: For, as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious Diſcourſe. I acknowledge indeed, that there may poſſibly be found in this Treatiſe a few Sayings among ſo great a Number of ſmart Turns of Wit and Humour as I have produced, which have a proverbial Air. However, I hope it will be conſidered, that even theſe were not originally Proverbs, but the genuine Productions of ſuperior Wits, to embelliſh and ſupport Converſation; from

from whence, with great Impropriety, as well as Plagiariſm, (if you will forgive a hard Word) they have moſt injuriouſly been transferred into proverbial Maxims; and therefore, ought in Juſtice to be reſumed out of vulgar Hands, to adorn the Drawing-Rooms of Princes, both Male and Female, the Levees of great Miniſters, as well as the Toylet and Tea-Table of the Ladies.

I CAN faithfully aſſure the Reader, that there is not one ſingle witty Phraſe in this whole Collection, which hath not received the Stamp and Approbation of at leaſt one hundred Years; and, how much longer, it is hard to determine; he may therefore be ſecure to find them all genuine, ſterling, and authentick.

BUT, before this elaborate Treatiſe can become of univerſal Uſe and Ornament to my native Country, two Points that will require Time and much Application, are abſolutely neceſſary. For, firſt, whatever Perſon would aſpire to be compleatly Witty, Smart, Humorous, and Polite; muſt by hard Labour be able to retain in his Memory every ſingle Sentence contained in this Work; ſo as never to be once at a Loſs in applying the right Anſwers, Queſtions, Repartees, and the like immediately, and without Study or Heſitation. And ſecondly, after a Lady or Gentleman hath ſo well overcome this Difficulty as to be never at a loſs upon any Emergency; the true Management of every Feature, and almoſt of every Limb is equally neceſſary; without which an infinite Number of Abſurdities will inevitably enſue. For inſtance; there is hardly a polite Sentence in the following Dialogue, which doth not abſolutely require ſome peculiar graceful Motion in the Eyes, or Noſe, or Mouth, or Forehead, or Chin; or ſuitable Toſs of the Head,

Head, with certain Offices aſſigned to each Hand; and in Ladies, the whole Exerciſe of the Fan, fitted to the Energy of every Word ſhe delivers: By no Means omitting the various Turns and Cadences of the Voice, the Twiſtings, and Movements, and different Poſtures of the Body; the ſeveral Kinds and Gradations of Laughter, which the Ladies muſt daily practiſe by the Looking-Glaſs, and conſult upon them with their Waiting-Maids.

My Readers will ſoon obſerve what a great Compaſs of real and uſeful Knowledge this Science includes; wherein, although Nature aſſiſted by a Genius, may be very inſtrumental, yet a ſtrong Memory and conſtant Application, together with Example and Precept, will be highly neceſſary. For theſe Reaſons, I have often wiſhed, that certain Male and Female Inſtructors, perfectly verſed in this Science, would ſet up Schools for the Inſtruction of young Ladies and Gentlemen therein. I remember about thirty Years ago, there was a *Bohemian* Woman, of that Species commonly known by the Name of Gypſies, who came over hither from *France*, and generally attended *Iſaac* the Dancing-Maſter, when he was teaching his Art to Miſſes of Quality; and while the young Ladies were thus employed, the *Bohemian* ſtanding at ſome Diſtance, but full in their Sight, acted before them all proper Airs, and Heavings of the Head, and Motions of the Hands, and Twiſtings of the Body; whereof you may ſtill obſerve the good Effects in ſeveral of our elder Ladies. After the ſame Manner, it were much to be deſired, that ſome expert Gentlewomen, gone to Decay, would ſet up publick Schools, wherein young Girls of Quality, or great Fortunes, might firſt be taught

to

to repeat this following Syſtem of Converſation, which I have been at ſo much Pains to compile; and then to adapt every Feature of their Countenances, every turn of their Hands, every ſcrewing of their Bodies, every excerciſe of their Fans, to the Humour of the Sentences they hear or deliver in Converſation. But above all, to inſtruct them in every Species and Degree of Laughing, in the proper Seaſons at their own Wit, or that of the Company. And, if the Sons of the Nobility and Gentry, inſtead of being ſent to common Schools, or put into the Hands of Tutors at Home, to learn nothing but Words, were conſigned to able Inſtructors in the ſame Art; I cannot find what Uſe there could be of Books, except in the Hands of thoſe who are to make Learning their Trade; which is below the Dignity of Perſons born to Titles or Eſtates

It would be another infinite Advantage, that by cultivating this Science, we ſhould wholly avoid the Vexations and Impertinence of Pedants; who affect to talk in a Language not to be underſtood; and, whenever a polite Perſon offers accidentally to uſe any of their Jargon-Terms, have the Preſumption to laugh at *us* for pronouncing thoſe Words in a genteeler Manner. Whereas, I do here affirm, that whenever any fine Gentleman or Lady condeſcends to let a hard Word paſs out of their Mouths, every Syllable is ſmoothed and poliſhed in the Paſſage; and, it is a true Mark of Politeneſs both in Writing and Reading, to vary the Orthography as well as the Sound, becauſe we are infinitely better Judges of what will pleaſe a diſtinguiſhing Ear, than thoſe who call themſelves Scholars, can poſſibly be; who conſequently ought to correct their Books, and Manner of pronouncing by

by the Authority of our Example, from whoſe Lips they proceed with infinitely more Beauty and Significancy.

BUT, in the mean Time, until ſo great, ſo uſeful, and ſo neceſſary a Deſign can be put in Execution, (which conſidering the good Diſpoſition of our Country at preſent, I ſhall not deſpair of living to ſee) let me recommend the following Treatiſe, to be carried about as a Pocket Companion, by all Gentlemen and Ladies, when they are going to viſit, or dine, or drink Tea; or, where they happen to paſs the Evening without Cards; (as I have ſometimes known it to be the Caſe, upon Diſappointments, or Accidents unforeſeen) deſiring they would read their ſeveral Parts in their Chairs or Coaches, to prepare themſelves, for every Kind of Converſation, that can probably happen.

ALTHOUGH I have, in Juſtice to my Country, allowed the Genius of our People to excel that of any other Nation upon Earth; and have confirmed this Truth by an Argument not to be controuled, I mean, by producing ſo great a Number of witty Sentences in the enſuing Dialogues, all of undoubted Authority, as well as of our own Production; yet I muſt confeſs, at the ſame Time, that we are wholly indebted for them to our Anceſtors; at leaſt, for as long as my Memory reacheth, I do not recollect one new Phraſe of Importance to have been added: Which Defect in us Moderns, I take to have been occaſioned by the Introduction of Cant-Words, in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second. And theſe have ſo often varied, that hardly one of them of above a Year's ſtanding is now intelligible; nor any where to be found, excepting a ſmall Number ſtrowed here and there in the Comedies, and other fantaſtic Writings of that Age. The Honourable

rable Colonel *James Graham*, my old Friend and Companion, did likewiſe towards the End of the ſame Reign, invent a Set of Words and Phraſes, which continued almoſt to the Time of his Death. But, as theſe Terms of Art were adapted only to Courts and Politicians, and extended little further than among his particular Acquaintance, (of whom I had the Honour to be one) they are now almoſt forgotten. Nor did the late D— of *R*———, and E— of *E*———, ſucceed better, although they proceeded no further than ſingle Words; whereof, except *Bite*, *Bamboozle*, and one or two more, the whole Vocabulary is antiquated. The ſame Fate hath already attended thoſe other Town Wits, who furniſh us with a great Variety of new Terms, which are annually changed, and thoſe of the laſt Seaſon ſunk in Oblivion. Of theſe, I was once favoured with a compleat Liſt, by the Right Honourable the Lord and Lady *H*———, with which I made a conſiderable Figure, one Summer, in the Country, but returning up to Town in Winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not underſtood.

The only Invention of late Years, which hath any Way contributed to advance Politeneſs in Diſcourſe, is that of abbreviating, or reducing Words of many Syllables into one, by lopping off the reſt. This Refinement, having begun about the Time of the Revolution, I had ſome Share in the Honour of promoting it; and I obſerve to my great Satisfaction, that it makes daily Advancements; and, I hope, in Time will raiſe our Language to the utmoſt Perfection: Although, I muſt confeſs, to avoid Obſcurity, I have been very ſparing of this Ornament in the following Dialogues.

But,

BUT, as for Phraſes invented to cultivate Converſation, I defy all the Clubs and Coffee-Houſes in this Town, to invent a new one, equal in Wit, Humour, Smartneſs, or Politeneſs, to the very worſt of my Sett; which clearly ſhews, either that we are much degenerated, or that the whole Stock of Materials hath been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter: Becauſe, having my ſelf for ſeveral Months racked my Invention, if poſſible, to enrich this Treaſury with ſome Additions of my own, (which, however, ſhould have been printed in a different Character, that I might not be charged with impoſing upon the Publick) and having ſhewn them to ſome judicious Friends, they dealt very ſincerely with me; all unanimouſly agreeing, that mine were infinitely below the true old Helps to Diſcourſe, drawn up in my preſent Collection, and confirmed their Opinion with Reaſons by which I was perfectly convinced, as well as aſhamed of my great Preſumption.

BUT, I lately met a much ſtronger Argument to confirm me in the ſame Sentiments. For, as the great Biſhop *Burnet*, of *Salisbury*, informs us, in the Preface to his admirable Hiſtory of his own Times; that he intended to employ himſelf in poliſhing it every Day of his Life, (and, indeed in its Kind, it is almoſt equally poliſhed with this Work of mine) ſo, it hath been my conſtant Buſineſs, for ſome Years paſt, to examine with the utmoſt ſtrictneſs, whether I could poſſibly find the ſmalleſt Lapſe in Style, or Propriety through my whole Collection, that in emulation with the Biſhop, I might ſend it abroad, as the moſt finiſhed Piece of the Age. It happened one Day, as I was dining in good Company of both Sexes, and watching,

according

according to my Cuſtom, for new Materials, wherewith to fill my Pocket-Book, I ſucceeded well enough, until after Dinner, when the Ladies retired to their Tea, and left us over a Bottle of Wine. But, I found we were not able to furniſh any more Materials that were worth the Pains of tranſcribing. For, the Diſcourſe of the Company was all degenerated into ſmart Sayings of their own Invention, and not of the true old Standard; ſo, that in abſolute Deſpair, I withdrew, and went to attend the Ladies at their Tea. From whence, I did then conclude, and ſtill continue to believe, either that Wine doth not inſpire Politeneſs, or that our Sex is not able to ſupport it without the Company of Women, who never fail to lead us into the right Way, and there to keep us.

It much encreaſeth the Value of theſe Apophthegms, that unto them we owe the Continuance of our Language for at leaſt an hundred Years; neither is this to be wondred at: Becauſe, indeed, beſides the Smartneſs of the Wit, and Fineneſs of the Raillery, ſuch is the Propriety and Energy of Expreſſion in them all, that they never can be changed but to Diſadvantage, except in the Circumſtance of uſing Abbreviations, which, however, I do not deſpair, in due Time, to ſee introduced, having already met them *at* ſome of the choice Companies in Town.

Although this Work be calculated for all Perſons of Quality and Fortune, of both Sexes, yet the Reader may perceive, that my particular View was to the Officers of the Army, the Gentlemen of the Inns of Courts, and of both the Univerſities; to all Courtiers Male and Female; but, principally to the Maids of Honour, of whom I have been perſonally acquainted with two and twenty

twenty Setts, all excelling in this noble Endowment; until ſome Years paſt, I know not how, they came to degenerate into ſelling of Bargains, and Free-Thinking, not, that I am againſt either of theſe Entertainments at proper Seaſons, in Complyance with Company, who may want a Taſte for more exalted Diſcourſe, whoſe Memories may be ſhort; who are too young to be perfect in their Leſſons: Or, (although it be hard to conceive) who have no Inclination to read and learn my Inſtructions. Beſides, I confeſs, there is a ſtrong Temptation for Court Ladies to fall into the two Amuſements above mentioned, that they may avoid the Cenſure of affecting Singularity, againſt the general Current and Faſhion of all about them: But however, no Man will pretend to affirm, that either Bargains or Blaſphemy, which are the principal Ornaments of Free-Thinking, are ſo good a Fund of polite Diſcourſe, as what is to be met with in my Collection. For, as to Bargains; few of them ſeem to be excellent in their Kind, and have not much Variety, becauſe they all terminate in one ſingle Point; and, to multiply them would require more Invention than People have to ſpare. And, as to Blaſphemy or Free-Thinking, I have known ſome ſcrupulous Perſons of both Sexes, who, by a prejudiced Education, are afraid of Sprights. I muſt however except the Maids of Honour, who have been fully convinced, by a famous Court-Chaplain, that there is no ſuch Place as Hell.

I CANNOT indeed, controvert the lawfulneſs of Free-Thinking, becauſe it hath been univerſally allowed, that Thought is free. But however, although it may afford a large Field of Matter, yet, in my poor Opinion, it ſeems to contain very little, either

either of Wit or Humour; becauſe, it hath not been antient enough among us, to furniſh eſtabliſhed authentick Expreſſions; I mean ſuch as muſt receive a Sanction from the polite World, before their Authority can be allowed; neither, was the Art of Blaſphemy or Free-Thinking, invented by the Court, or by Perſons of great Quality, who properly ſpeaking were Patrons, rather than Inventors of it, but firſt brought in by the Fanatick Faction, towards the End of their Power; and, after the Reſtoration, carryed to *Whitehall*, by the converted Rumpers, with very good Reaſon; becauſe, they knew, that King *Charles* the Second, who, from a wrong Education, occaſioned by the Troubles of his Father, had Time enough to obſerve, that Fanatick Enthuſiaſm directly led to Atheiſm; which agreed with the diſſolute Inclinations of his Youth: And, perhaps theſe Principles were farther cultivated in him by the *French* Huguenots, who have been often charged for ſpreading them among us. However, I cannot ſee where the Neceſſity lies of introducing new and Foreign Topicks for Converſation, while we have ſo plentiful a Stock of our own Growth.

I HAVE likewiſe, for ſome Reaſons of equal Weight, been very ſparing in double-entendres, becauſe, they often put Ladies upon affected Conſtraints, and affected Ignorance. In ſhort, they break, or very much entangle the Thread of Diſcourſe; neither am I Maſter of any Rules to ſettle the diſconcerted Countenances of the Females in ſuch a Juncture: I can therefore only allow Innuendoes of this Kind to be delivered in Whiſpers, and only to young Ladies under twenty, who being in Honour obliged to bluſh, it may produce a new Subject for Diſcourſe.

PERHAPS,

PERHAPS the Criticks may accuſe me of a Defect in my following Syſtem of polite Converſation; that there is one great Ornament of Diſcourſe, whereof I have not produced a ſingle Example; which, indeed, I purpoſely omitted, for ſome Reaſons, that I ſhall immediately offer; and, if thoſe Reaſons, will not ſatisfy the Male Part of my gentle Readers; the Defect may be ſupplied, in ſome Manner, by an Appendix to the ſecond Edition: Which Appendix ſhall be printed by itſelf, and ſold for Six-pence ſtitched, and with a Marble Cover; that my Readers may have no Occaſion to complain of being defrauded: The Defect I mean, is, my not having inſerted into the Body of my Book, all the Oaths now moſt in Faſhion for embelliſhing Diſcourſe; eſpecially, ſince it could give no Offence to the Clergy, who are ſeldom, or never admitted to theſe polite Aſſemblies. And, it muſt be allowed, that Oaths well choſen, are not only very uſeful Expletives to Matter, but great Ornaments of Style.

WHAT I ſhall here offer in my own Defence, upon this important Article, will, I hope, be ſome Extenuation of my Fault. Firſt, I reaſoned with my ſelf, that a juſt Collection of Oaths, repeated as often as the Faſhion requires, muſt have enlarged this Volume, at leaſt to double the Bulk; whereby, it would not only double the Charge, but likewiſe make the Volume leſs commodious for Pocket Carriage. Secondly, I have been aſſured by ſome judicious Friends, that themſelves have known certain Ladies to take Offence (whether ſeriouſly or no) at too great a Profuſion of Curſing and Swearing; even, when that Kind of Ornament was not improperly introduced: Which, I confeſs, did ſtartle me not a little; having never

obſerved the like, in the Compaſs of my own Female Acquaintance, at leaſt for twenty Years paſt. However, I was forced to ſubmit to wiſer Judgments than my own. Thirdly, as this moſt uſeful Treatiſe is calculated for all future Times; I conſidered, in this Maturity of my Age, how great a Variety of Oaths I have heard, ſince I began to ſtudy the World, and to know Men and Manners. And here, I found it to be true, what I have read in an ancient Poet.

" *For, now adays, Men change their Oaths,*
" *As often as they change their Cloaths.*"

In ſhort, Oaths are the Children of Faſhion; they are, in ſome Senſe, almoſt Annuals, like what I obſerved before, of Cant-words; and I my ſelf, can remember about forty different Setts. The old Stock-oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above forty five, or fifty at moſt; but, the Way of mingling and compounding them, is almoſt as various, as that of the Alphabet. Sir *John Perrot*, was the firſt Man of Quality, whom I find upon Record, to have ſworn by G——'s W——s. He lived in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, and was ſuppoſed to have been a natural Son of *Harry* VIII. who might alſo have probably been his Inſtructor. This Oath, indeed, ſtill continues, and is a Stock-oath to this Day; ſo do ſeveral others, that have kept their primitive natural Simplicity: But, infinitely the greater Number hath been ſo frequently changed, and diſlocated, that if the Inventors were now alive, they could hardly underſtand them.

Upon theſe Conſiderations, I began to apprehend, that if I ſhould inſert all the Oaths as now

current;

current; my Book would be out of Vogue with the firſt Change of Faſhion, and grow uſeleſs as an old Dictionary. Whereas, the Caſe is quite otherwiſe with my Collection of polite Diſcourſe; which, as I before obſerved, hath deſcended by Tradition, for at leaſt, an hundred Years, without any Change in the Phraſeology. I therefore determined with my ſelf, to leave out the whole Syſtem of Swearing; becauſe, both the Male and Female Oaths are all perfectly well known and diſtinguiſhed; new Ones are eaſily learnt, and with a moderate Share of Direction, may be properly applyed on every fit Occaſion. However, I muſt here upon this Article of Swearing, moſt earneſtly recommend to my Readers, that they would pleaſe a little to ſtudy Variety. For, it is the Opinion of our moſt refined Swearers, that the ſame Oath or Curſe, cannot, conſiſtent with true Politeneſs, be repeated above nine Times, in the ſame Company, by the ſame Perſon, and at one Sitting.

I AM far from deſiring, or expecting, that all the polite and ingenious Speeches contained in this Work, ſhould in the general Converſation between Ladies and Gentlemen, come in ſo quick and ſo cloſe, as I have here delivered them. By no Means: On the contrary, they ought to be huſbanded better, and ſpread much thinner. Nor, do I make the leaſt Queſtion, but that by a diſcreet, thrifty Management, they may ſerve for the Entertainment of a whole Year; to any Perſon who doth not make too long, or too frequent Viſits in the ſame Family. The Flowers of Wit, Fancy, Wiſdom, Humour, and Politeneſs, ſcattered in this Volume, amount to one thouſand, ſeventy and four. Allowing then to every Gentleman and

Lady thirty viſiting Families, (not inſiſting upon Fractions) there will want but little of an hundred polite Queſtions, Anſwers, Replies, Rejoinders, Repartees, and Remarks, to be daily delivered, freſh in every Company, for twelve ſolar Months; and, even this, is a higher Pitch of Delicacy than the World inſiſts on, or, hath reaſon to expect. But, I am altogether for exalting this Science to its utmoſt Perfection.

It may be objected, that the Publication of my Book, may, in a long Courſe of Time, proſtitute this noble Art to mean and vulgar People. But, I anſwer; that it is not ſo eaſily acquired, as a few ignorant Pretenders may imagine. A Footman can ſwear; but he cannot ſwear like a Lord. He can ſwear as often: But, can he ſwear with equal Delicacy, Propriety, and Judgment? No certainly; unleſs he be a Lad of ſuperior Parts, of good Memory, a diligent Obſerver, one who hath a ſkilful Ear, ſome Knowledge in Muſick, and an exact Taſte; which hardly falls to the Share of one in a thouſand among that Fraternity, in as high Favour as they now ſtand with their Ladies; neither, perhaps hath one Footman in ſix, ſo fine a Genius, as to reliſh and apply thoſe exalted Sentences compriſed in this Volume, which I offer to the World: It is true, I cannot ſee that the ſame ill Conſequences would follow from the Waiting-woman, who, if ſhe hath been bred to read Romances, may have ſome ſmall ſubaltern or ſecond-hand Politeneſs; and, if ſhe conſtantly attends the Tea, and be a good Liſtner, may, in ſome Years, make a tolerable Figure; which, will ſerve perhaps, to draw in the young Chaplain, or the old Steward. But, alas! after all, how can ſhe acquire, thoſe hundreds of Graces and Motions, and Airs, the

the whole military Management of the Fan, the Contorſions of every muſcular Motion in the Face; the riſings and fallings; the quickneſs, and ſlackneſs of the Voice, with the ſeveral Tones and Cadences; the proper Junctures of ſmiling and frowning; how often, and how loud to laugh; when to jibe and when to flout; with all the other Branches of Doctrine and Diſcipline above recited. I am therefore, not under the leaſt Apprehenſion, that this Art will be ever in Danger of falling into common Hands, which requires ſo much Time, Study, Practice, and Genius, before it arrives to Perfection: And therefore, I muſt repeat my Propoſal for erecting publick Schools, provided with the beſt and ableſt Maſters and Miſtreſſes, at the Charge of the Nation.

I HAVE drawn this Work into the Form of a Dialogue, after the Pattern of other famous Writers in Hiſtory, Law, Politicks, and moſt other Arts and Sciences, and I hope it will have the ſame Succeſs: For, who can conteſt it to be of greater Conſequence to the Happineſs of theſe Kingdoms, than all human *Knowledge* put together. Dialogue is held the beſt Method of inculcating any Part of Knowledge: And, as I am confident, that publick Schools will ſoon be founded for teaching Wit and Politeneſs, after my Scheme, to young People of Quality and Fortune; ſo I have determined, next Seſſions, to deliver a Petition to the Houſe of Lords, for an Act of Parliament to eſtabliſh my Book, as the ſtandard Grammar, in all the principal Cities of both Kingdoms, where this Art is to be taught, by able Maſters, who are to be approved and recommended by me; which is no more than *Lilly* obtained, only for teaching Words in a Language wholly uſeleſs: Neither,

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ſhall I be ſo far wanting to my ſelf, as not to deſire a Patent, granted of Courſe to all uſeful Projectors; I mean, that I may have the ſole Profit of giving a Licence to every ſuch School, to read my Grammar for fourteen Years.

THE Reader cannot but obſerve, what Pains I have been at in poliſhing the Style of my Book to the greateſt Exactneſs: Nor, have I been leſs diligent in refining the Orthography, by ſpelling the Words in the very ſame Manner that they are pronounced. I have therefore, by the chief Patterns of Politeneſs, at Court, at Levees, at Aſſemblies, at Play-houſes, at the prime viſiting Places, by young Templers, and by Gentlemen Commoners of both Univerſities, who have lived, at leaſt, a Twelve-month in Town, and kept the beſt Company: Of theſe Spellings, the Publick will meet with many Examples, in the following Book: For Inſtance, can't, ha'v't, ſha'n't, didn't, coodn't, woodn't, isn't, e'n't,; with many more. Beſides ſeveral Words, which Scholars pretend, are derived from *Greek* and *Latin*; but now pared into a polite Sound, by Ladies, Officers of the Army, Courtiers and Templers; ſuch as Jommetry for Geometry, Verdi for Verdict, Lard for Lord, Larnin for Learning; together with ſome Abbreviations exquiſitely refined: As, Pozz for Poſitively, Mobb for Mobile, Phizz for Phyſiognomy, Rep for Reputation, Plenipo for Plenipotentiary, Incog for Incognito, Hipps, or Hippo for Hypocondriacks, Bam for Bamboozle, and Bamboozle for God knows what; whereby much Time is ſaved, and the high Road to Converſation, cut ſhort by many a Mile.

I HAVE, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and I hope with Felicity enough, to make every

every Character in the Dialogue, agreeable with itſelf; to a Degree, that whenever any judicious Perſon ſhall read my Book aloud for the Entertainment and Inſtruction of a ſelect Company, he need not ſo much as name the particular Speakers; becauſe, all the Perſons throughout the ſeveral Subjects of Converſation, ſtrictly obſerve a different Manner peculiar to their Characters, which are of different Kinds; but, this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial Reader's Diſcernment.

PERHAPS, the very Manner of introducing the ſeveral Points of Wit and Humour, may not be leſs entertaining and inſtructing than the Matter itſelf: In the latter, I can pretend to little Merit; becauſe, it entirely depends upon Memory, and the Happineſs of having kept polite Company. But, the Art of contriving that thoſe Speeches ſhould be introduced naturally, as the moſt proper Sentiments to be delivered upon ſo great a Variety of Subjects; I take to be a Talent ſomewhat uncommon, and a Labour that few People could hope to ſucceed in; unleſs, they had a Genius particularly turned that Way, added to a ſincere diſintereſted Love of the Publick.

ALTHOUGH, every curious Queſtion, ſmart Anſwer, and witty Reply, be little known to many People; yet, there is not one ſingle Sentence in the whole Collection, for which I cannot bring moſt authentick Vouchers, whenever I ſhall be called: And, even for ſome Expreſſions, which to a few nicer Ears, may perhaps appear ſomewhat groſs, I can produce the Stamp of Authority from Courts, Chocolate-houſes, Theatres, Aſſemblies, Drawing-rooms, Levees, Card-meetings, Balls, and Maſquerades; from Perſons of both Sexes, and of the higheſt Titles next to Royal. Howe-

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ver, to ſay the Truth, I have been very ſparing in my Quotations of ſuch Sentiments that ſeem to be over free; becauſe, when I began my Collection, ſuch kind of Converſe was almoſt in its Infancy, until it was taken into the Protection of my honoured Patroneſſes at Court; by whoſe Countenance and Sanction, it hath become a choice Flower, in the Noſegay of Wit and Politeneſs.

Some will, perhaps, object, that when I bring my Company to Dinner, I mention too great a Variety of Diſhes, not always conſiſtent with the Art of Cookery, or proper for the Seaſon of the Year; and part of the firſt Courſe mingled with the Second; beſides a Failure in Politeneſs, by introducing Black-pudding to a Lord's Table, and at a great Entertainment: But, if I had omitted the Black-pudding, I deſire to know, what would have become of that exquiſite Reaſon given by Miſs *Notable* for not eating it. The World perhaps might have loſt it for ever, and I ſhould have been juſtly anſwerable for having left it out of my Collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that ſuch Hypercritical Readers, will pleaſe to conſider, my Buſineſs was to make ſo full and compleat a Body of refined Sayings, as compact as I could; only taking Care, to produce them in the moſt natural and probable Manner, in order to allure my Readers into the very Subſtance and Marrow of this moſt admirable and neceſſary Art.

I am heartily ſorry, and was much diſappointed to find; that ſo univerſal and polite an Entertainment as Cards, hath hitherto contributed very little to the Enlargement of my Work. I have ſate by many hundred Times with the utmoſt Vigilance, and my Table-Book ready, without being able in eight Hours, to gather Matter for one ſingle

gle Phraſe in my Book. But this, I think, may be eaſily accounted for, by the Turbulence and Joſtling of Paſſions upon the various and ſurprizing Turns, Incidents, Revolutions, and Events, of good and evil Fortune, that arrive in the Courſe of a long Evening at Play; the Mind being wholly taken up, and the Conſequences of Non-Attention ſo fatal. Play is ſupported upon the two great Pillars of Deliberation and Action. The Terms of Art are few; preſcribed by Law and Cuſtom. No Time allowed for Digreſſions or Tryals of Wit, *Quadrille* in particular, bears ſome Reſemblance to a State of Nature, which we are told, is a State of War, wherein every Woman is againſt every Woman: The Unions ſhort, inconſtant, and ſoon broke; the League made this Minute, without knowing the Allye; and diſſolved in the next. Thus, at the Game of *Quadrille*, Female Brains are always employed in Stratagem, or their Hands in Action.

NEITHER can I find, that our Art hath gained much by the happy Revival of maſquerading among us: The whole Dialogue in theſe Meetings, being ſummed up in one ſprightly (I confeſs, but) ſingle Queſtion; and as ſprightly an Anſwer. Do you know me? Yes, I do. And, Do you know me? Yes, I do. For this Reaſon, I did not think it proper, to give my Readers the Trouble of introducing a Maſquerade, meerly for the Sake of a ſingle Queſtion, and a ſingle Anſwer. Eſpecially, when to perform this in a proper Manner, I muſt have brought in a hundred Perſons together of both Sexes, dreſſed in fantaſtick Habits for one Minute, and diſmiſſed them the next. Neither is it reaſonable to conceive, that our Science can be much improved by Maſquerades, where the Wit of both Sexes

is altogether taken up in contriving ſingular and humourſome Diſguiſes; and their Thoughts entirely employed in bringing Intrigues, and Aſſignations of Gallantry to an happy Concluſion.

THE judicious Reader will readily diſcover, that I make Miſs *Notable*, my Heroin; and Mr. *Thomas Neverout*, my Hero: I have laboured both their Characters with my utmoſt Ability. It is into their Mouths that I have put the Liveſieſt Queſtions, Anſwers, Repartees, and Rejoynders; becauſe, my Deſign was to propoſe them both as Patterns for all young Bachelors, and ſingle Ladies to copy after. By which, I hope, very ſoon, to ſee polite Converſation flouriſh between both Sexes, in a more conſummate Degree of Perfection than theſe Kingdoms have yet ever known.

I HAVE drawn ſome Lines of Sir *John Linger*'s Character, the *Derbyſhire* Knight, on Purpoſe to place it in Counterview, or Contraſt, with that of the other Company. Wherein, I can aſſure the Reader, that I intended not the leaſt Reflection upon *Derby-ſhire*, the Place of my Nativity. But, my Intention was only to ſhew the Misfortune of thoſe Perſons, who have the Diſadvantage to be bred out of the Circle of Politeneſs, whereof I take the preſent Limits, to extend no further than *London*, and ten Miles round, although others are pleaſed to confine it within the Bills of Mortality. If you compare the Diſcourſes of my Gentlemen and Ladies with thoſe of Sir *John*; you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the ſame Climate, or under the ſame Laws, Language, Religion, or Government: And, accordingly I have introduced him ſpeaking in his own rude Dialect, for no other Reaſon than to teach my Scholars how to avoid it.

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THE curious Reader will obſerve, that where Converſation appears in Danger to flag; which, in ſome Places, I have artfully contrived; I took Care to invent ſome ſudden Queſtion, or Turn of Wit to revive it. Such as theſe that follow. What? I think here is a ſilent Meeting. Come Madam, a Penny for your Thought; with ſeveral others of the like Sort.

I HAVE rejected all Provincial, or Country Turns of Wit, and Fancy, becauſe I am acquainted with a very few; but indeed, chiefly, becauſe I found them ſo very much inferior to thoſe at Court, eſpecially among the Gentlemen Uſhers, the Ladies of the Bed-Chamber, and the Maids of Honour. I muſt alſo add the hither End of our noble Metropolis.

WHEN this happy Art of polite converſing, ſhall be thoroughly improved; good Company will be no longer peſtered with dull dry tedious Story-tellers, or brangling Diſputers. For, a right Scholar of either Sex, in our Science, will perpetually interrupt them with ſome ſudden ſurprizing Piece of Wit, that ſhall engage all the Company in a loud Laugh; and, if after a Pauſe, the grave Companion reſumes his Thread, in the following Manner; well; but, to go on with my Story; new Interruptions come from the Left and Right, until he be forced to give over.

I HAVE likewiſe made, ſome few Eſſays, towards ſelling of Bargains, as well for inſtructing thoſe who delight in that Accompliſhment, as in Compliance with my Female Friends at Court. However, I have tranſgreſſed a little in this Point, by doing it in a Manner ſomewhat more reſerved, than as it is now practiſed at St. *James*'s. At the ſame Time, I can hardly allow this Accompliſh-

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ment to paſs properly for a Branch of that perfect polite Converſation, which makes the conſtituent Subject of my Treatiſe; and, for this, I have already given my Reaſons. I have, likewiſe, for further Caution, left a Blank in the critical Point of each Bargain, which, the ſagacious Reader may fill up in his own Mind.

As to my ſelf; I am proud to own, that except ſome Smattering in the *French*, I am, what the Pedants, and Scholars call, a Man wholly illiterate; that is to ſay, unlearned. But, as to my own Language, I ſhall not readily yield to many Perſons: I have read moſt of the Plays, and all the Miſcellany Poems that have been publiſhed for twenty Years paſt. I have read Mr. *Thomas Brown*'s Works entire, and had the Honour to be his intimate Friend, who was univerſally allowed to be the greateſt Genius of his Age. Upon what Foot I ſtand, with the preſent chief reigning Wits, their Verſes recommendatory, which they have commanded me to prefix before my Book, will be more than a thouſand Witneſſes. I am, and have been likewiſe, particularly acquainted with Mr. *Cha. Gilden*, Mr. *Ward*, Mr. *Dennis*, that admirable Critick, and Poet; and ſeveral others. Each of theſe eminent Perſons, (I mean thoſe who are ſtill alive) have done me the Honour to read this Production, five Times over, with the ſtricteſt Eye of friendly Severity; and propoſed ſome, although very few Amendments, which, I gratefully accepted; and, do here publickly return my Acknowledgment for ſo ſingular a Favour. And, I cannot conceal, without Ingratitude, the great Aſſiſtance I have received from thoſe two illuſtrious Writers Mr. *Ozel*, and Captain *Stephens*. Theſe, and ſome others, of diſtinguiſhed Eminency, in whoſe Company I have

have paſſed ſo many agreeable Hours; as they have been the great Refiners of our Language, ſo, it hath been my chief Ambition to imitate them. Let the *Popes*, the *Gays*, the *Arbuthnots*, the *Youngs*, and the reſt of that ſnarling Brood, burſt with Envy at the Praiſes we receive from the Court, and Kingdom. But, to return from this Digreſſion.

The Reader will find, that the following Collection of polite Expreſſions, will eaſily incorporate with all Subjects of genteel and faſhionable Life. Thoſe which are proper for Morning Tea, will be equally uſeful at the ſame Entertainment in the Afternoon, even in the ſame Company, only by ſhifting the ſeveral Queſtions, Anſwers, and Replies, into different Hands; and, ſuch as are adapted to Meals, will indifferently ſerve for Dinners, or Suppers, only diſtinguiſhing between Day-Light and Candle-Light. By this Method, no diligent Perſon of a tolerable Memory, can ever be at a Loſs.

It hath been my conſtant Opinion, that every Man who is intruſted by Nature, with any uſeful Talent of the Mind, is bound by all the Tyes of Honour; and, that Juſtice which we all owe our Country, to propoſe to himſelf ſome one illuſtrious Action to be performed in his Life, for the publick Emolument: And, I freely confeſs, that ſo grand, ſo important an Enterprize as I have undertaken, and executed to the beſt of my Power, well deſerved a much abler Hand, as well as a liberal Encouragement from the Crown. However, I am bound ſo far to acquit my ſelf, as to declare, that I have often, and moſt earneſtly intreated ſeveral of my above-named Friends, univerſally allowed to be of the firſt Rank in Wit and Politeneſs, that they

they would undertake a Work ſo honourable to themſelves, and ſo beneficial to the Kingdom: But, ſo great was their Modeſty, that they all thought fit to excuſe themſelves, and impoſe the Taſk on me; yet, in ſo obliging a Manner, and attended with ſuch Compliments, on my poor Qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And, at laſt, their Intreaties, or rather, their Commands, added to that inviolable Love I bear to the Land of my Nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in ſo bold an Attempt.

I MAY venture to affirm, without the leaſt Violation of Modeſty, that there is no Man now alive, who hath by many Degrees, ſo juſt Pretenſions as my ſelf, to the higheſt Encouragement from the Crown, the Parliament, and the Miniſtry, towards bringing this Work to its due Perfection. I have been aſſured, that ſeveral great Heroes of Antiquity, were worſhipped as Gods, upon the Merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous People. It is manifeſt, I could have no other Intentions; and, I dare appeal to my very Enemies, if ſuch a Treatiſe as mine, had been publiſhed ſome Years ago, and with as much Succeſs, as I am confident this will meet; I mean, by turning the Thoughts of the whole Nobility, and Gentry, to the Study and Practice of polite Converſation; whether ſuch mean, ſtupid Writers, as the *Craftſman*, and his Abettors, could have been able to corrupt the Principles of ſo many hundred thouſand Subjects, as to the Shame and Grief of every whiggiſh, loyal, true Proteſtant Heart, it is too manifeſt they have done. For, I deſire the honeſt, judicious Reader, to make one Remark; that, after I have exhauſted the

the whole * inſickly Pay-Day (if I may ſo call it) of Politeneſs and Refinement, and faithfully digeſted it into the following Dialogues, there cannot be found one Expreſſion relating to Politicks: That the Miniſtry is never mentioned, nor the Word *King*, above twice or thrice; and then, only to the Honour of Majeſty. So very cautious were our wiſer Anceſtors, in forming Rules for Converſation, as never to give Offence to crowned Heads, nor interfere with Party Diſputes in the State. And indeed, although there ſeem to be a cloſe Reſemblance between the two Words, *Politeneſs*, and *Politicks*; yet no Ideas are more inconſiſtent in their Natures. However, to avoid all Appearance of Diſaffection, I have taken Care to enforce Loyalty, by an invincible Argument, drawn from the Fountain of this noble Science, in the following ſhort Terms, that ought to be writ in Gold, MUST, IS FOR THE KING. Which uncontroulable Maxim, I took particular Care of introducing in the firſt Page of my Book; thereby, to inſtil only the beſt Proteſtant loyal Notions into the Minds of my Readers. Neither is it meerly my own private Opinion, that Politeneſs is the firmeſt Foundation upon which Loyalty can be ſupported: For, thus happily ſings the never-to-be-too-much-admired † Lord *H* —, in his truly ſublime Poem, called, *Loyalty defined*.

Who's not polite, for the Pretender, is;
A Jacobite, I know him by his Phizz,

* *This Word is ſpelt by Latiniſts* Encyclopædia: *But, the judicious Author, wiſely prefers the polite Reading before the Pedantick.*

† *It is erroneouſly printed in the* London *Edition,* Mr. Stephen Duck.

IN

In the like Manner, the divine Mr. *Tibbalds*, or *Theobalds*, in one of his Birth-day Poems.

I am no Scollard, but I am polite,
Therefore be ſure, I am no Jacobite.

Here likewiſe, to the ſame Purpoſe, that great Maſter of the poetick Quire, our moſt illuſtrious Laureat, Mr. *Colly Cibber*.

Who in his Talk, can't ſpeak a polite Thing,
Will never loyal be, to George *our King.*

I could produce many more ſhining Paſſages out of our principal Poets of both Sexes, to confirm this momentous Truth. From whence, I think it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can moſt contribute towards propagating the Science contained in the following Sheets, through the Kingdoms of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, may juſtly demand all the Favour that the wiſeſt Court, and moſt judicious Senate, are able to confer, on the moſt deſerving Subject. I leave the Application to my Readers.

This is the Work, which I have been ſo hardy to attempt, and without the leaſt mercenary View. Neither, do I doubt of ſucceeding, to my full Wiſh, except among the Tories and their Abettors; who being all Jacobites, and conſequently Papiſts in their Hearts, may perhaps, reſolve not to read my Book; chuſing, from a Want of true Taſte, or by ſtrong Affectation, rather to deny themſelves the Pleaſure and Honour of ſharing in polite Company, among the principal Genius's of both Sexes throughout the Kingdom, than adorn their Minds with this noble Art; and probably apprehending

apprehending (as I confeſs, nothing is more likely to happen) that a true Spirit of Loyalty to the Proteſtant Succeſſion ſhould ſteal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle Readers could poſſibly conceive the perpetual Watchings, the numberleſs Toyls, the frequent Riſings in the Night, to ſet down ſeveral ingenious Sentences, that I ſuddenly, or accidentally recollected; and which, without my utmoſt Vigilance, had been irrecoverably loſt for ever: If they would conſider, with what incredible Diligence, I daily, and nightly attended, at thoſe Houſes where Perſons of both Sexes, and of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Merit uſed to meet, and diſplay their Talents: With what Attention I liſtned to all their Diſcourſes, the better to retain them in my Memory; and then, at proper Seaſons withdrew unobſerved, to enter them in my Table-Book, while the Company little ſuſpected what a noble Work I had then in Embrio: I ſay, if all this were known to the World, I think it would be no great Preſumption in me to expect at a proper Juncture, the publick Thanks of both Houſes of Parliament, for the Service and Honour I have done to the whole Nation, by my ſingle Pen.

Although I have never been once charged with the leaſt Tincture of Vanity, the Reader will, I hope, give me Leave to put an eaſy Queſtion. What is become of all the King of *Sweden*'s Victories? Where are the Fruits of them at this Day? Or, of what Benefit will they be to Poſterity? Were not many of his greateſt Actions owing, at leaſt, in Part, to Fortune? Were not all of them owing to the Valour of his Troops, as much as to his own Conduct? Could he have conquered the *Poliſh* King, or the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*, with his

ſingle Arm. Far be it from me, to envy or leſſen the Fame he hath acquired: But, at the ſame Time, I will venture to ſay, without Breach of Modeſty, that I, who have alone, with this Right Hand, ſubdued Barbariſm, Rudeneſs, and Ruſticity; who have eſtabliſhed, and fixed for ever, the whole Syſtem of all true Politeneſs, and Refinement in Converſation; ſhould think my ſelf moſt inhumanly treated by my Countrymen, and would accordingly reſent it as the higheſt Indignity, to be put upon the Level, in Point of Fame, in after Ages, with *Charles* XII. late King of *Sweden*.

And yet, ſo incurable is the Love of Detraction, perhaps, beyond what the charitable Reader will eaſily believe, that I have been aſſured by more than one credible Perſon, how ſome of my Enemies have induſtriouſly whiſpered about, that one *Iſaac Newton*, an Inſtrument-Maker, formerly living near *Leiceſter* Fields, and afterwards a Workman in the Mint, at the Tower, might poſſibly pretend to vye with me for Fame in future Times. The Man, it ſeems, was knighted for making Sun-Dyals better than others of his Trade, and was thought to be a Conjurer, becauſe he knew how to draw Lines and Circles upon a Slate, which no Body could underſtand. But, adieu to all noble Attempts for endleſs Renown, if the Ghoſt of an obſcure Mechanick, ſhall be raiſed up, to enter into Competition with me, only for his Skill in making Pot-hooks and Hangers, with a Pencil; which many thouſand accompliſhed Gentlemen and Ladies can perform as well, with a Pen and Ink, upon a Piece of Paper, and in a Manner as little intelligible as thoſe of Sir *Iſaac*.

My moſt ingenious Friend already mentioned, Mr. *Colly Cibber*, who doth ſo much Honour to the

the Laurel Crown he deſervedly wears (as he hath often done to many Imperial Diadems placed on his Head) was pleaſed to tell me, that if my Treatiſe were ſhaped into a Comedy, the Repreſentation performed to Advantage on our Theatre, might very much contribute to the ſpreading of Polite Converſation among all Perſons of Diſtinction through the whole Kingdom. I own, the Thought was ingenious, and my Friend's Intention good: But, I cannot agree to his Propoſal. For, Mr. *Cibber* himſelf, allowed, that the Subjects handled in my Work being ſo numerous, and extenſive, it would be abſolutely impoſſible for one, two, or even ſix Comedies to contain them. From whence it will follow, that many admirable and eſſential Rules for Polite Converſation muſt be omitted. And here, let me do Juſtice to my Friend Mr. *Tibbalds*, who plainly confeſſed before Mr. *Cibber* himſelf, that ſuch a Project, as it would be a great Diminution to my Honour, ſo it would intolerably mangle my Scheme, and thereby deſtroy the principal End at which I aimed; to form a compleat Body, or Syſtem, of this moſt uſeful Science in all its Parts. And therefore Mr. *Tibbalds*, whoſe Judgment was never diſputed, choſe rather to fall in with my Propoſal mentioned before, of erecting publick Schools, and Seminaries, all over the Kingdom, to inſtruct the young People, of both Sexes, in this Art, according to my Rules, and in the Method that I have laid down.

I SHALL conclude this long, but neceſſary Introduction, with a Requeſt, or, indeed, rather, a juſt and reaſonable Demand from all Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, that, while they are entertaining and improving each other with thoſe polite Queſtions, Anſwers, Repartees, Replies, and Re-

joynders, which I have, with infinite Labour, and cloſe Application, during the Space of thirty ſix Years been collecting for their Service and Improvement, they ſhall, as an Inſtance of Gratitude, on every proper Occaſion, quote my Name, after this, or the like Manner: *Madam, as our Maſter* Wagſtaff *ſays. My Lord, as our Friend* Wagſtaff *hath it.* I do likewiſe expect, that all my Pupils ſhall drink my Health every Day at Dinner and Supper, during my Life; and that they, or their Poſterity, ſhall continue the ſame Ceremony, to my *not inglorious Memory*, after my Deceaſe, for ever.

A COM-

A COMPLEAT

COLLECTION

Of genteel and

Ingenious Converſation,

ACCORDING

To the moſt polite Mode and Method, now uſed at Court, and in the beſt Companies of *England*.

In ſeveral Dialogues.

DUBLIN:

Printed by and for GEORGE FAULKNER.

M, DCC, XXXVIII.

The Men.	*The Ladies.*
Lord SPARKISH	
Lord SMART	Lady SMART
Sir JOHN LINGER	Miſs NOTABLE
Mr. NEVEROUT	Lady ANSWERALL
Colonel ATWIT	

The ARGUMENT.

Lord Sparkiſh *and Colonel* Atwit *meet in the Morning upon the* Mall; *Mr.* Neverout *joins them; they all go to Breakfaſt at Lady* Smart's. *Their Converſation over their Tea: After which they part; but my Lord and the two Gentlemen are invited to Dinner. Sir* John Linger *invited likewiſe; and, comes a little too late. Their whole Converſation at Dinner: After which, the Ladies retire to their Tea. The Converſation of the Ladies without the Men; who are ſuppoſed to ſtay and drink a Bottle; but in ſome Time, go to the Ladies and drink Tea with them. The Converſation there. After which a Party at Quadrill until Three in the Morning; but no Converſation ſet down. They all take leave, and go Home.*

A COMPLEAT

COLLECTION

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Ingenious Converſation, &c.

St. *James's*-*Park.*

[*Lord* Sparkiſh *meeting Colonel* Atwit.]

Colonel. WELL met, my Lord.

Lord Sp. Thank ye Colonel; a Parſon would have ſaid, I hope we ſhall meet in Heaven. When did you ſee *Tom. Neverout?*

Col. He's juſt coming towards us. Talk of the Devil.——

[Neverout *comes up.*]

Col. How do you do *Tom?*

Nev.

Nev. Never the better for you.

Col. I hope you're never the worſe. But, where's your Manners? Don't you ſee my Lord *Sparkiſh?*

Nev. My Lord, I beg your Lordſhip's Pardon.

Lord Sp. Tom. How is it? what, you can't ſee the Wood for Trees. What Wind blew you hither?

Nev. Why, my Lord, it is an ill Wind that blows no Body Good; for it gives me the Honour of ſeeing your Lordſhip.

Col. Tom, you muſt go with us to Lady *Smart*'s to Breakfaſt.

Nev. Muſt! why Colonel, *Muſt* is for the King.

[*Colonel offering in jeſt to draw his Sword.*]

Col. Have you ſpoke with all your Friends?

Nev. Colonel, as you are ſtout, be merciful.

Lord Sp. Come, agree, agree, the Law's coſtly.

[*Colonel taking his Hand from the Hilt.*]

Nev. What, do you think I was born in a Wood to be ſcar'd by an Owl?

Col. Well *Tom,* you are never the worſe Man for being afraid of me. Come along.

Nev. I'll wait on you. I hope Miſs *Notable* will be there. I gad ſhe's very handſome, and has Wit at Will.

Col. Why; every one as they like; as the good Woman ſaid, when ſhe kiſs'd her Cow.

[*Lord* Smart's *Houſe. They knock at the Door; Porter comes out.*]

Lord Sp. Pray are you the Porter?

Port. Yes, for Want of a better.

Lord

Lord Sp. Is your Lady at home?

Port. She was at home juſt now, but ſhe is not gone out yet.

Nev. I warrant this Rogue's Tongue is well hung.

[*Lady* Smart's *Anti-Chamber.*]

[*Lady* Smart, *Lady* Anſwerall, *Miſs* Notable, *at the Tea-Table.*]

Lady Sm. My Lord, your Lordſhip's moſt humble Servant.

Lord Sp. Madam, you ſpoke too late, I was your Ladyſhip's before.

Lady Sm. O! Colonel, are you here?

Col. As ſure as you're there Madam.

Lady Sm. Oh, Mr. *Neverout*, what! ſuch a Man alive!

Nev. Ay Madam, alive, and alive like to be, at your Ladyſhip's Service.

Lady Sm. Well, I'll get a Knife, and nick it down, that Mr. *Neverout* came to our Houſe. And, pray what News Mr. *Neverout*?

Nev. News; why Madam, Queen *Elizabeth*'s dead.

Lady Sm. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, I ſee you are no Changeling.

[*Miſs* Notable *comes in.*]

Nev. Miſs, your Slave; I hope your early Riſing will do you no Harm: I find you are but juſt come out of the *Cloth-Market.*

Miſs. I always riſe at Eleven, whether it be Day or no.

Col. Miſs, I hope you're up for all Day.

Miſs. Yes, if I don't get a Fall before Night.

Col.

Col. Miſs, I heard you were out of Order. Pray how are you now?

Miſs. Pretty well Colonel, I thank you.

Col. Pretty, and Well, Miſs, that's two very good Things.

Miſs. I mean, I am better than I was.

Nev. Why, then 'tis well you were ſick.

Miſs. What, Mr. *Neverout*, you take me up, before I'm down.

Lord Sp. Come, let us leave off Children's Play, and go to Puſh-Pin.

Miſs. [*to Lady* Smart] Pray Madam, give me ſome more Sugar to my Tea.

Col. Oh, Miſs, you muſt needs be very good humoured, you love ſweet Things ſo well.

Nev. Stir it up with the Spoon Miſs, for the deeper the ſweeter.

Lady Sm. I aſſure you, Miſs, the Colonel has made you a great Compliment.

Miſs. I am ſorry for it; for I have heard 'em ſay, that Complimenting is lying.

Lady Sm. [*to Lord Sparkiſh.*] My Lord, methinks the Sight of you is good for ſore Eyes: If we had known of your coming, we would have ſtrown Ruſhes for you. How has your Lordſhip done this long Time?

Col. Faith Madam, he's better in Health than good Condition.

Lord Sp. Well; I ſee there's no worſe Friend than one brings from Home with one; and I'm not the firſt Man that has carried a Rod to whip himſelf.

Nev. Here's poor Miſs, has not a Word to throw at a Dog. Come, a Penny for your Thought.

Miſs. It is not worth a Farthing; I was thinking of you.

Col.

[*Colonel riſing up.*

Lady Sm. Colonel, where are you going ſo ſoon? What, I hope you did not come to fetch Fire?

Col. Madam, I muſt needs go home for half an Hour.

Miſs. Why, Colonel, they ſay the Devil's at home.

Lady Anſw. Well, but ſit while you ſtay; 'tis as cheap ſitting, as ſtanding.

Col. No, Madam, while I'm *ſtanding*, *I'm going.*

Miſs. Nay, let him go, I promiſe we won't tear his Cloaths to hold him.

Lady Sm. I ſuppoſe, Colonel, we keep you from better Company; I mean only, as to my ſelf.

Col. Madam, I'm all Obedience.

[*Colonel ſits down.*]

Lady Sm. Lord, Miſs, how can you drink your Tea ſo hot? Sure your Mouth is paved.

Lady Sm. How do you like this Tea Colonel?

Col. Well enough, Madam, but methinks it is a little Moriſh.

Lady Sm. Oh, Colonel, I underſtand you, *Betty* bring the Caniſter. I have but very little of this Tea left; but, I don't love to make two Wants of one, want when I have it, and want when I have it not. He, he, he, he. [*Laughs.*]

Lady Anſw. [*To the Maid.*] Why, ſure *Betty*, thou ar't bewitcht, this Cream is burnt too.

Lady Sm. Why, Madam, the Biſhop has ſet his Foot in it.

Lady Sm. Go, run Girl, and warm ſome freſh Cream.

Betty.

Betty. Indeed, Madam, there's none left, for the Cat has eaten it all.

Lady Sm. I doubt it was a Cat with two Legs.

Miſs. Colonel, don't you love Bread and Butter with your Tea?

Col. Yes, in a Morning Miſs. For they ſay Butter is Gold in a Morning, and Silver at Noon, but it is Lead at Night.

Miſs. The Weather is ſo hot, that my Butter melts on my Bread.

Lady Anſw. Why, Butter I've heard 'em ſay, is mad twice a Year.

Lord Sp. [*To the Maid.*] Mrs. *Betty*, how does your Body politick?

Col. Fye, my Lord, you'll make Mrs. *Betty* bluſh.

Lady Sm. Bluſh! Ay, bluſh like a blue Dog.

Never. Pray, Mrs. *Betty*, are not you *Tom Johnſon*'s Daughter?

Betty. So my Mother tells me, Sir.

Lord Sp. But, Mrs. *Betty*, I hear you are in Love.

Betty. My Lord, I thank GOD, I hate no Body, I am in Charity with all the World.

Lady Sm. Why, Wench, I think thy Tongue runs upon Wheels this Morning. How came you by that Scratch on your Noſe? Have you been fighting with the Cats?

Col. [*to Miſs*] Miſs, when will you be married?

Miſs. One of theſe odd-come-ſhortlies, Colonel.

Nev. Yes, they ſay the Match is half made; the Spark is willing, but Miſs is not.

Miſs. I ſuppoſe the Gentleman has got his own Conſent for it.

Lady

Lady Anſw. Pray my Lord, did you walk through the Park in this Rain?

Lord Sp. Yes, Madam, we were neither Sugar, nor Salt, we were not afraid the Rain would melt us, He, he, he. [*Laughs.*]

Col. It rained, and the Sun ſhone at the ſame Time.

Never. Why, then the Devil was beating his Wife behind the Door with a Shoulder of Mutton. [*Here a loud Laugh.*]

Col. A blind Man would be glad to ſee that.

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, methinks you ſtand in your own Light.

Never. Ah, Madam, I have done ſo all my Life.

Lord Sp. I am ſure he ſits in mine: Prithee *Tom*, ſit a little further, I believe your Father was no Glazier.

Lady Sm. Miſs, dear Girl, fill me a Diſh of Tea; for I'm very lazy.

[*Miſs fills a Diſh of Tea, ſweetens it, and then taſtes it.*]

Lady Sm. What, Miſs, will you be my Taſter?

Miſs. No, Madam, but they ſay, ſhe's an ill Cook that can't lick her own Fingers.

Never. Pray, Miſs, fill me another.

Miſs. Will you have it now, or ſtay till you get it?

Lady Anſw. But, Colonel, they ſay, you went to Court laſt Night very drunk: Nay, I am told for certain, you had been among the *Philiſtians.* No Wonder the Cat winked, when both her Eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, Madam, that's a Lye.

Lady

Lady Anſw. Well, 'tis better I ſhould lye, than you ſhould loſe your Manners. Beſides, I don't lye, I ſit.

Never. O faith, Colonel, you muſt own you had a Drop in your Eye; for when I left you, you were half Seas over.

Lord Sp. Well, I fear Lady *Anſwerall*, can't live long, ſhe has ſo much Wit.

Never. No, ſhe can't live, that's certain; but ſhe may linger thirty or forty Years.

Miſs. Live long! Ay, longer than a Cat, or a Dog, or a better Thing.

Lady Anſw. Oh, Miſs, you muſt give your *Vardi* too.

Lord Sp. Miſs, ſhall I fill you another Diſh of Tea?

Miſs. Indeed, my Lord, I have drank enough.

Lord Sp. Come, it will do you more Good than a Month's faſting. Here, take it.

Miſs. No, I thank your Lordſhip, enough's as good as a Feaſt.

Lord Sp. Well, but if you always ſay no, you'll never be married.

Lady Anſw. Do, my Lord, give her a Diſh, for they ſay Maids will ſay no, and take it.

Lord Sp. Well, and I dare ſay, Miſs is a Maid in Thought, Word, and Deed.

Never. I would not take my Oath of that.

Miſs. Pray, Sir, ſpeak for your ſelf.

Lady Sm. Fye, Miſs: Maids, they ſay, ſhould be ſeen, and not heard.

Lady Anſw. Good Miſs, ſtir the Fire, that the Tea-Kettle may boyl. You have done it very well, now it burns purely. Well, Miſs, you'll have a chearful Huſband.

Miſs

Miſs. Indeed, your Ladyſhip could have ſtirred it much better.

Lady Anſw. I know that very well Huſſy, but I won't keep a Dog, and bark my ſelf.

Never. What; you are ſtuck Miſs?

Miſs. Not at all, for her Ladyſhip meant you.

Nev. O, faith Miſs, you are in Lob's Pound, get out as you can.

Miſs. I won't quarrel with my Bread and Butter, for all that; I know when I'm well.

Lady Anſw. Well, but Miſs.

Nev. Ah, dear Madam, let the Matter fall; take Pity upon poor Miſs; don't throw Water on a drounded Rat.

Miſs. Indeed Mr. *Neverout*, you ſhould be cut for the Simples this Morning. Say a Word more, and you had as good eat your Nails.

Lord Sp. Pray Miſs, will you pleaſe to favour us with a Song?

Miſs. Indeed my Lord I can't; I have got a great Cold?

Col. Oh Miſs, they ſay all good Singers have Colds.

Lord Sp. Pray Madam, does not Miſs ſing very well?

Lady Anſw. She ſings, as one may ſay; my Lord.

Miſs. I hear Mr. *Neverout* has a very good Voice.

Col. Yes, *Tom* ſings well; but his Luck's naught.

Nev. Faith, Colonel, there you hit yourſelf a deviliſh Box of the Ear.

Col. Miſs, will you take a Pinch of Snuff?

Miſs. No, Colonel, you muſt know, I never take Snuff but when I'm angry.

Lady

Lady Anſw. Yes, yes, ſhe can take Snuff, but ſhe has never a Box to put it in.

Miſs. Pray Colonel let me ſee that Box?

Col. Madam, there's never a C. upon it.

Miſs. May be there is Colonel.

Col. Ay, but *May-bees* don't fly now Miſs.

Nev. Colonel, why ſo hard upon poor Miſs? Don't ſet your Wit againſt a Child; Miſs give me a Blow, and I'll beat him.

Miſs. So ſhe pray'd me to tell you.

Lord Sp. Pray, my Lady *Smart*, what Kin are you to Lord *Pozz?*

Lady Sm. Why, his Grandmother and mine had four Elbows.

Lady Anſw. Well; methinks here's a ſilent Meeting. Come Miſs, hold up your Head Girl, there's Money bid for you. [*Miſs ſtarts.*]

Miſs. Lord, Madam, you frighten me out of my ſeven Senſes!

Lord Sp. Well, I muſt be going.

Lady Anſw. I have ſeen haſtier People than you ſtay all Night.

Col. [*to Lady Smart.*] *Tom Neverout* and I, are to leap To-morrow for a Guinea.

Miſs. I believe Colonel, Mr. *Neverout* can leap at a Cruſt better than you.

Nev. Miſs, your Tongue runs before your Wit: Nothing can tame you but a Huſband.

Miſs. Peace, I think I hear the Church Clock.

Nev. Why, you know as the Fool thinks, the Bell chinks.

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, your Handkerchief's fallen.

Miſs. Let him ſet his Foot upon it, that it mayn't fly in his Face.

Nev. Well Miſs.

Miſs. Ay, ay, many a One ſays *Well*, that thinks *Ill.*

Nev. Well Miſs, I'll think of this.

Miſs. That's Rhyme, if you take it in Time.

Nev. What! I ſee you are a Poet.

Miſs. Yes, if I had but Wit to ſhew it.

Nev. Miſs, will you be ſo kind to fill me a Diſh of Tea?

Miſs. Pray let your Betters be ſerved before you; I am juſt going to fill one for my ſelf: And, you know the Parſon always chriſtens his own Child firſt.

Nev. But, I ſaw you fill one juſt now for the Colonel: Well, I find Kiſſing goes by Favour.

Col. Ods ſo, I have cut my Thumb with this curſed Knife.

Lady Anſw. Ay, that was your Mother's Fault; becauſe ſhe only warned you not to cut your Fingers.

Lady Sm. No, no; 'tis only Fools cut their Fingers, but wiſe Folks cut their Thumbs.

Miſs. I'm ſorry for it, but I can't cry. But pray, Mr. *Neverout*, what Lady was that you were talking with in the Side-box laſt *Tueſday?*

Nev. Miſs; can you keep a Secret?

Miſs. Yes, I can.

Nev. Well Miſs, and ſo can I.

Col. Don't you think Miſs is grown?

Lady Anſw. Ay, ay, ill Weeds grow a-pace.

Miſs. No, Madam, with Submiſſion, 'tis Weeds of Grace that grow a-pace.

[*A Puff of Smoak comes down the Chimney.*]

Lady Anſw. Lord Madam! does your Ladyſhip's Chimney ſmoak?

Col. No Madam, but they ſay Smoak always purſues

purſues the Fair, and your Ladyſhip ſat neareſt.

Lady Sm. Madam, do you love Bohea Tea?

Lady Anſw. Why really Madam, I muſt confeſs, I do love it; but it does not love me.

Miſs. [*to Lady* Smart.] Indeed Madam, your Ladyſhip is very ſparing of your Tea; I proteſt, the laſt Diſh I took, was no more than Water bewitcht.

Col. Pray Miſs, if I may be ſo bold, what Lover gave you that fine Etuy?

Miſs. Don't you know? then keep Council.

Lady Anſw. I'll tell you Colonel who gave it her; it was the beſt Lover ſhe will ever have while ſhe lives; even her own dear Papa.

Nev. Methinks Miſs, I don't much like the Colour of that Ribband.

Miſs. Why then, Mr. *Neverout*, if you don't like it, dy'e ſee, you may look off of it.

Lord Sp. I don't doubt Madam, but your Ladyſhip has heard that Sir *John Bearish*, has got an Employment at Court.

Lady Sm. Yes, yes, and I warrant he thinks himſelf no ſmall Fool now.

Nev. Yet, Madam, I have heard ſome People take him for a wiſe Man.

Lady Sm. Ay, ſome are Wiſe, and ſome are otherwiſe.

Lady Anſw. Do you know him Mr. *Neverout?*

Nev. Know him; ay Madam as well as a Beggar knows his Diſh.

Col. Well, I can only ſay he has better Luck than honeſter Folks: But, pray how came he to get this Employment?

Lord Sp. Why, by Chance, as the Man killed the Devil.

Nev. Why Miſs, you are in a brown Study.

What's the Matter; methinks you look like Mum chance, that was hang'd for ſaying nothing.

Miſs. I'd have you to know I ſcorn your Words.

Nev. Well, ay but ſcornful Dogs, they ſay, will eat dirty Puddings.

Miſs. Well, my Comfort is, your Tongue's no ſlander. What, you would not have one be always upon the high Grin?

Nev. Cry Mapſticks, Madam, no Offence I hope

[*Lady* Smart *breaks a Tea-cup.*]

Lady Anſw. Lord, Madam, how came you to break your Cup?

Lady Sm. I can't help it, if I would cry my Eyes out.

Miſs. Why ſell it, Madam, and buy a new one with ſome of the Money.

Col. Why, if Things do not break or wear out, how ſhould Tradeſmen live?

Miſs. Well, I'm very ſick, if any Body cared for it. [*She ſpits.*] I believe I ſhall dye, for I can't ſpit from me.

Nev. Come then, Miſs, e'en make a Die of it; and then we ſhall have a burying of our own.

Miſs. The Devil take you, *Neverout*, beſides all ſmall Curſes.

Lady Anſw. Marry come up: What, plain *Neverout*, methinks you might have an M under your Girdle, Miſs.

Lady Sm. Well, well; naught's ne'er in Danger, I warrant, Miſs will ſpit in her Hand and hold faſt. Colonel, do you like this Biſket?

Col. I'm like all Fools, I love every Thing that's good.

Lady Sm. Well and isn't it pure good?

Col.

Col. 'Tis better than a worſe.

[*Footman brings the Colonel a Letter.*]

Lady Anſw. I ſuppoſe, Colonel, that's a Billet-deaux from your Miſtreſs.

Col. I'gad I don't know whence it comes, but whoever writ it, writes a Hand like a Foot.

Miſs. Well you may make a Secret of it, but we can ſpell and put together.

Nev. Miſs, what ſpells B double uzzard?

Miſs. Buzzard in your Teeth, Mr. *Neverout.*

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, now you are up, will you do me the Favour to do me the Kindneſs to take off the Tea-Kettle.

Lord Sp. I wonder what makes theſe Bells ring?

Lady Anſw. Why my Lord, I ſuppoſe becauſe they pull the Ropes. [*Here all laugh.*]

[Neverout *plays with a Tea-cup.*]

Miſs. Now a Child would have cryed half an Hour before he could have found out ſuch a pretty Play-Thing.

Lady Sm. Well ſaid, Miſs: I vow Mr. *Neverout*, the Girl is too hard for you.

Nev. Ay, Miſs will ſay any Thing but her Prayers, and thoſe ſhe whiſtles.

Miſs. Pray, Colonel, make me a Preſent of that pretty Knife.

Nev. Ay, Miſs, catch him at that, and hang him.

Col. Not for the World, dear Miſs, it will cut Love.

Lord Sp. Colonel, you ſhall be married firſt, I was juſt going to ſay that.

Lady Sm. Well, but for all that, I can tell you who

who is a great Admirer of Miſs: Pray, Miſs, how do you like Mr. *Spruce*, I ſwear I have ſeen him often caſt a Sheep's Eye out of a Calve's Head at you, deny it if you can.

Miſs. O Madam, all the World knows, that Mr. *Spruce* is a general Lover.

Col. Come, Miſs, it is too true to make a Jeſt on. [*Miſs bluſhes.*]

Lady Anſw. Well, however bluſhing is ſome Sign of Grace.

Nev. Miſs ſays nothing, but I warrant ſhe pays it off with thinking.

Miſs. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, I find you are pleaſed to divert your ſelves; but as I hope to be ſaved there is nothing in it.

Lady Sm. Ah, Miſs, Love will creep where it can't go: They ſay, touch a gall'd Horſe, and he'll wince.

Miſs. I'd hold a hundred Pound Mr. *Neverout* was the Inventor of that Story; and, Colonel, I doubt you had a Finger in the Pye.

Lady Anſw. But, Colonel, you forgot to ſalute Miſs when you came in; ſhe ſaid, you had not ſeen her a long Time.

Miſs. Fye, Madam, I vow, Colonel, I ſaid no ſuch Thing; I wonder at your Ladyſhip.

Col. Miſs, I beg your Pardon.

[*Goes to ſalute her, ſhe ſtruggles a little.*]

Miſs. Well, I had rather give a Knave a Kiſs for once, than be troubled with him: But, upon my Word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady Sm. Fye, fye, Miſs, for Shame of the World, and Speech of good People.

[Neverout

[Neverout *to Miſs, who is cooking her Tea and Bread and Butter.*]

Nev. Come, come, Miſs, make much of naught, good Folks are ſcarce.

Miſs. What, and you muſt come in with your two Eggs a Penny, and three of them rotten.

Col. [*To Lord* Sparkiſh.] But, my Lord, I forgot to aſk you, how you like my new Cloaths?

Lord Sp. Why, very well, Colonel, only to deal plainly with you, methinks the worſt Piece is in the Middle.

[*Here a loud Laugh often repeated.*]

Col. My Lord, you are too ſevere on your Friends.

Miſs. Mr. *Neverout*, I'm hot, are you a Sot?

Nev. Miſs, I'm cold, are you a Scold? Take you that.

Lady Sm. I confeſs that was home: I find, Mr. *Neverout*, you won't give your Head for the waſhing, as they ſay.

Miſs. O, he's a ſore Man where the Skin's off: I ſee Mr. *Neverout* has a Mind to ſharpen the Edge of his Wit on the Whetſtone of my Ignorance.

Lord Sp. Faith *Tom*, you are ſtuck; I never heard a better Thing.

Nev. Pray, Miſs, give me Leave to ſcratch you for that fine Speech.

Miſs. Pox on your Picture, it coſt me a Groat the drawing.

Nev. [*To Lady* Smart.] 'Sbuds, Madam, I have burnt my Hand with your plaguy Tea-Kettle.

Lady Sm. Why then, Mr. *Neverout*, you muſt ſay, God ſave the King.

Nev.

Nev. Did you ever ſee the like?

Miſs. Never but once at a Wedding.

Col. Miſs, pray how old are you?

Miſs. Why, I am as old as my Tongue, and a little older than my Teeth.

Lord Sp. [*To Lady* Anſwerall.] Pray, Madam, is Miſs *Buxom* marry'd? I hear it is all over the Town.

Lady Anſw. My Lord, ſhe's either marry'd, or worſe.

Col. If ſhe ben't marry'd, at leaſt ſhe's luſtily promiſed. But is it certain that Sir *John Blunderbuz* is dead at laſt?

Lord Sp. Yes, or elſe he's ſadly wrong'd; for they have bury'd him.

Miſs. Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no more Bread.

Col. But is he really dead?

Lady Anſw. Yes, Colonel, as ſure as you're alive.

Col. They ſay he was an honeſt Man.

Lady Anſw. Yes, with good looking to.

[*Miſs feels a Pimple on her Face.*]

Miſs. Lord, I think my Goodneſs is coming out: Madam, will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to lend me a Patch?

Nev. Miſs, if you are a Maid, put your Hand upon your Spot.

Miſs. There, [*covering her whole Face with both her Hands.*]

Lady Sm. Well, thou art a mad Girl. [*Gives her a Tap.*]

Miſs. Lord, Madam, is that a Blow to give a Child?

[*Lady*

[*Lady* Smart *lets fall her Handkerchief, and the Colonel ſtoops for it.*]

Lady Sm. Colonel, you ſhall have a better Office.

Col. Oh, Madam, I can't have a better than to ſerve your Ladyſhip.

Col. [*To Lady* Sparkiſh] Madam, has your Ladyſhip read the new Play written by a Lord, it is called, *Love in a hollow Tree?*

Lady Sp. No, Colonel.

Col. Why then, your Ladyſhip has a new Pleaſure to come.

[*Miſs ſighs*]

Nev. Pray, Miſs, why do you ſigh?

Miſs. To make a Fool aſk, and you are the firſt.

Nev. Why, Miſs, I find there is nothing but a Word and a Blow with you.

Lady Anſw. Why, you muſt know, Miſs is in Love.

Miſs. I wiſh my Head may never ake till that Day.

Lord Sp. Come, Miſs, never ſigh but ſend for him.

[*Lady* Smart, *and Lady* Anſwerall, *ſpeaking together.*]

If he be hang'd, he'll come hopping, and if he be drown'd, he'll come dropping.

Miſs. Well, I'll ſwear you'd make one dye with laughing.

[*Miſs plays with a Tea-cup, and* Neverout *plays with another.*]

Nev.

Nev. Well, I ſee one Fool makes many.

Miſs. And you're the greateſt Fool of any.

Nev. Pray, Miſs, will you be ſo kind to tye this String for me, with your fair Hands? It will go all in your Day's work.

Miſs. Marry come up indeed; tye it your ſelf, you have as many Hands as I, your Man's Man will have a fine Office truly. Come, pray ſtand out of my ſpitting Place.

Nev. Well, but Miſs, don't be angry.

Miſs. No, I was never angry in my Life, but once, and then no Body cared for it; ſo, I reſolved never to be angry again.

Nev. Well; but if you'll tye it, you ſhall never know what I'll do for you.

Miſs. So I ſuppoſe truly.

Nev. Well, but I'll make you a fine Preſent one of theſe Days.

Miſs. Ay, when the Devil is blind, and his Eyes are not ſore yet.

Nev. No, Miſs, I'll ſend it you To-morrow.

Miſs. Well, well, To-morrow's a new Day: But I ſuppoſe, you mean To-morrow come never.

Nev. O, tis the prettieſt Thing; I aſſure you there came but two of them over in three Ships.

Miſs. Would I could ſee it, quoth blind *Hugh*: But, why did not you bring me a Preſent of Snuff this Morning?

Nev. Becauſe, Miſs, you never aſkt me; and 'tis an ill Dog that is not worth whiſtling for.

Lord Sp. [*to Lady* Anſwerall.] Pray, Madam, how came your Ladyſhip laſt *Thurſday* to go to that odious Puppet-Show?

Col. Why, to be ſure her Ladyſhip went to ſee, and to be ſeen.

Lady Anſ. You have made a fine Speech, Colonel;

nel; pray, what will you take for your Mouth-piece?

Lord Sp. Take that, Colonel. But, pray Madam, was my Lady *Dimple* there? They ſay ſhe is extreamly handſome.

Lady Sm. They muſt not ſee with my Eyes that think ſo.

Nev. She may paſs Muſter, and that's all.

Lady Anſ. Pray how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about five or ſix and twenty.

Miſs. I ſwear ſhe's no Chicken, ſhe's on the wrong Side of thirty, if ſhe be a Day.

Lady Anſ. Depend upon't, ſhe'll never ſee five and thirty, and a Bit to ſpare.

Col. Why they ſay, ſhe's one of the chief Toaſts in Town.

Lady Sm. Ay, when all the reſt are out of it.

Miſs. Well; I would not be as ſick, as ſhe's proud, for all the World.

Lady Anſ. She looks as if Butter would not melt in her Mouth; but I warrant Cheeſe won't choak her.

Nev. I hear, my Lord, what d'ye call 'um is courting her.

Lord Sp. What Lord d'ye mean, *Tom?*

Miſs. Why my Lord, I ſuppoſe, Mr. *Neverout* means the Lord of the Lord knows what.

Col. They ſay ſhe dances very fine.

Lady Anſ. She did; but I doubt her dancing Days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her for her rudeneſs to me.

Lady Sm. Well, but you muſt forget and forgive.

[*Footman comes in.*]

Lady Sm. Did you call *Betty?*

Footman.

Footman. She's coming, Madam.

Lady Sm. Coming? Ay ſo is *Chriſtmas.*

[Betty *comes in.*]

Lady Sm. Come, get ready my Things, where has the Wench been theſe three Hours?

Betty. Madam, I can't go faſter than my Legs will carry me.

Lady Sm. Ay, thou haſt a Head, and ſo has a Pin.——But, my Lord, all the Town has it, that Miſs *Caper* is to be married to Sir *Peter Gibeall.* One Thing is certain, that ſhe has promiſed to have him.

Lord Sp. Why, Madam, you know Promiſes are either broken or kept.

Lady Anſ. I beg your Pardon, my Lord, Promiſes and Pye-Cruſts, they ſay, are made to be broken.

Lady Sm. Nay, I had it from my Lady *Carrilye*'s own Mouth; I tell my Tale, and my Tale's Author; if it be a Lye, you had it as cheap as I.

Lady Anſ. She and I had ſome Words laſt *Sunday* at Church; but, I think I gave her her own.

Lady Sm. Her Tongue runs like the Clapper of a Mill; ſhe talks enough for her ſelf and all the Company.

Nev. And yet ſhe ſimpers like a Furmity Kettle.

Miſs. [*Looking in a Glaſs.*] Lord, how my Head is dreſt to Day!

Col. O Madam, a good Face needs no Band,

Miſs. No, and a bad one deſerves none.

Col. Pray, Miſs, where is your old Acquaintance Mrs. *Wayward?*

Miſs. Why where ſhould ſhe be? If you muſt needs know; ſhe's in her Skin.

Col.

Col. I can anſwer that: What if you were as far out, as ſhe's in?

Miſs. Well, I promiſed to go this Evening to *Hide-Park* on the * Water; but, I proteſt, I'm half afraid.

Nev. Miſs, Never fear: You have the old Proverb on your Side; naught's never in Danger.

Col. Why, Miſs, let *Tom Neverout* wait on you, and then I warrant you will be as ſafe as a Thief in a Mill; for you know, he that is born to be hang'd, will never be drown'd.

Nev. Thank ye, Colonel, for your good Word; but faith, if ever I hang, it ſhall be about a fair Lady's Neck.

Lady Sm. Who's there? Bid the Children be quiet, and not laugh ſo loud.

Lady Anſ. O, Madam, let 'em laugh; they'll ne'er laugh younger.

Nev. Miſs, I'll tell you a Secret, if you'll promiſe never to tell it again.

Miſs. No, to be ſure, I'll tell it to no Body but Friends and Strangers.

Nev. Why then, here's ſome Dirt in my Tea-Cup.

Miſs. Come, come; the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

Lady Anſ. Poh, you muſt eat a Peck of Dirt before you dye.

Col. Ay, ay, it all goes one Way.

Nev. Pray Miſs, what's o' Clock?

Miſs. Why, you muſt know 'tis a Thing like a Bell; and you're a Fool that can't tell.

* *A Cant Phraſe for taking Pleaſure on the River* Thames *in a Boat.*

Nev.

Nev. [*to Lady* Anſw.] Pray Madam do you tell me, for I let my Watch run down.

Lady Anſw. Why, 'tis half an Hour paſt Hanging Time.

Col. Well; I am like the Butcher, that was looking for his Knife, and had it in his Mouth: I have been ſearching my Pockets for my Snuff-Box, and, I gad, here it is in my Hand.

Miſs. If it had been a Bear, 'twould have bit you, Colonel: Well, I wiſh I had ſuch a Snuff-Box.

Nev. You'll be long enough before you wiſh your Skin full of Eyelet-Holes.

Col. Wiſh in one Hand———

Miſs. Out upon you; Lord, what can the Man mean?

Lord Sp. This Tea's very hot?

Lady Anſw. Why, it came from a hot Place my Lord.

[*Colonel ſpils his Tea.*]

Lady Sm. That's as well done, as if I had done it my ſelf.

Col. Madam, I find you live by ill Neighbours, when you are forced to praiſe your ſelf.

Nev. Well; I won't drink a Drop more: If I do, 'twill go down like chopt Hay.

Miſs. Pray don't you ſay no 'till you are aſk'd.

Nev. Well; what you pleaſe, and the reſt again.

Miſs. [*ſtooping for a Pin.*] I have heard 'em ſay, a Pin a-Day, is a Groat a Year.— Well, as I hope to be marryed (forgive me for Swearing) I vow it is a Needle.

Col. O the wonderful Works of Nature! that a black Hen ſhould have a white Egg.

Nev.

Nev. What; you have found a Mare's Neſt and laugh at the Eggs.

Miſs. Pray keep your Breath to cool your Porridge.

Nev. Miſs there was a very pleaſant Accident laſt Night in St. *James*'s-*Park*.

Miſs. [*to Lady* Smart.] What was it your Ladyſhip was going to ſay juſt now?

Nev. Well Miſs; tell a Mare a Tale——

Miſs. I find you love to hear yourſelf talk.

Nev. Why, if you won't hear my Tale, kiſs my, &c.

Miſs. Out upon you for a filthy Creater.

Nev. What, Miſs; muſt I tell you a Story and find you Ears?

Lord Sp. [*to Lady* Smart.] Pray Madam, don't you think Mrs. *Spendal* very genteel?

Lady Sm. Why, my Lord, I think ſhe was cut out for a Gentlewoman, but ſhe was ſpoiled in the making. She wears her Cloaths as if they were thrown on with a Pitch-Fork; and, for the Faſhion, I believe they were made in the Days of Queen *Beſs*.

Nev. Well, that's neither here nor there; for, you know the more careleſs, the more modiſh.

Col. Well, I'd hold a Wager there will be a Match between her and *Dick Dolt*; and I believe I can ſee as far into a Millſtone as another Man.

Miſs. Colonel, I muſt beg your Pardon a thouſand Times, but they ſay, an old Ape has an old Eye.

Nev. Miſs, what do you mean? you'll ſpoil the Colonel's Marriage if you call him old.

Col. Not ſo old nor yet ſo cold——You know the reſt Miſs.

Miſs. Manners is a fine Thing truly.

Col.

Col. Faith Miſs, depend upon it, I'll give you as good as you bring. What? if you give a Jeſt, you muſt take a Jeſt.

Lady Sm. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, you'll never have done 'till you break that Knife, and then the Man won't take it again.

Miſs. Why Madam, Fools will be meddling; I wiſh he may cut his Fingers: I hope, you can ſee your own Blood without fainting?

Nev. Why, Miſs you ſhine this Morning like a ſh—— Barn-Door; you'll never hold out at this Rate; pray ſave a little Wit for To-morrow.

Miſs. Well, you have ſaid your Say: If People will be rude, I have done. My Comfort is, it will be all one a thouſand Years hence.

Nev. Miſs, and you have ſhot your Bolt: I find you muſt have the laſt Word: Well, I'll go to the Opera to Night.---No, I can't neither, for I have ſome Buſineſs——and yet I think I muſt; for I promiſed to ſquire the Counteſs to her Box.

Miſs. The Counteſs of *Puddledock* I ſuppoſe.

Nev. Peace or War, Miſs?

Lady Sm. Well, Mr. *Neverout* you'll never be mad, you are of ſo many Minds.

[*As Miſs riſes, the Chair falls behind her.*]

Miſs. Well, I ſhan't be Lady Mayoreſs this Year.

Nev. No, Miſs, 'tis worſe than that, you won't be married this Year.

Miſs. Lord! you make me laugh though I a'n't well.

[Neverout *as Miſs is ſtanding pulls her ſuddenly on his Lap.*]

Nev.

Nev. Colonel, come ſit down on my Lap; more Sacks on the Miſl.

Miſs. Let me go: An't you ſorry for my Heavineſs?

Nev. No Miſs; you are very light, but I don't ſay, You are a light Huſſy. Pray take up the Chair for your Pains.

Miſs. 'Tis but one Body's Labour, you may do it your ſelf. I wiſh you would be quiet, you have more Tricks than a dancing Bear.

[Neverout *riſes to take up the Chair, and Miſs ſits in his.*]

Nev. You would not be ſo ſoon in my Grave, Madam.

Miſs. Lord, I have torn my Pettycoat with your odious romping; my Rents are coming in; I'm afraid I ſhall fall into the Ragman's Hands.

Nev. I'll mend it, Miſs.

Miſs. You mend it! Go teach your Grannum to ſuck Eggs.

Nev. Why, Miſs, you are ſo croſs, I could find in my Heart to hate you.

Miſs. With all my Heart; I can aſſure you, there will be no Love loſt between us.

Nev. But, pray my Lady *Smart*, does not Miſs look as if ſhe could eat me without Salt?

Miſs. I'll make you one Day ſup Sorrow for this.

Nev. Well, follow your own Way, you'll live the longer.

Miſs. See, Madam, how well I have mended it.

Lady Sm. 'Tis indifferent, as *Doll* danc'd.

Nev. 'Twill laſt as many Nights as Days.

Miſs. Well, I knew I ſhould never have your good Word.

Lady Sm. My Lord; Lady *Anſwerall* and I, were walking in the Park laſt Night till near Eleven; 'twas a very fine Night.

Nev. I'gad ſo was I, and I'll tell you a comical Accident. I'gad I loſt my Underſtanding.

Miſs. I'm glad you had any to loſe.

Lady Sm. Well, but what do you mean?

Nev. I'gad I kickt my Feet againſt a Stone, and tore off the Heel of my Shoe, and was forced to limp to a Cobler in the *Pellmell*, to have it put on. He, he, he. [*All laugh.*]

Col. O, 'twas a delicate Night to run away with another Man's Wife.

[Neverout *ſneezes.*

Miſs. God bleſs you, if you have not taken Snuff.

Nev. Why, what if I have, Miſs?

Miſs. Why then the Duce take you.

Nev. Miſs, I want that Diamond Ring of yours.

Miſs. Why then, Want's like to be your Maſter.

[Neverout *looking at the Ring.*]

Nev. Ay marry, this is not only, but alſo; pray, where did you get it?

Miſs. Why, where it was to be had; where the Devil got the Fryar.

Nev. Well, if I had ſuch a fine Diamond Ring, I would not ſtay a Day in *England* But you know, far fetch'd and dear bought, is fit for Ladies. I warrant this coſt your Father two Pence half Penny.

[*Miſs ſitting between* Neverout *and the Colonel.*]

Miſs.

Miſs. Well, here's a Roſe between two Nettles.

Nev. No, Madam, with Submiſſion, there's a Nettle between two Roſes.

[*Colonel ſtretching himſelf.*]

Lady Sm. Why, Colonel, you break the King's Laws, you ſtretch without a Haltar.

Lady Anſw. Colonel, ſome Ladies of your Acquaintance have promiſed to Breakfaſt with you, and I am to wait on them; what will you give us?

Col. Why, Faith Madam, Batchelor's Fare, Bread and Cheeſe, and Kiſſes.

Lady Anſw. Poh, what have you Batchelors to do with your Money, but to treat the Ladies? You have nothing to keep but your own four Quarters.

Lady Anſw. My Lord; has Captain *Strut* the Honour to be related to your Lordſhip?

Lord Sp. Very nearly, Madam; he's my Couſin German quite removed.

Lady Anſw. Pray is not he rich?

Lord Sp. Ay, a rich Rogue, two Shirts and a Rag.

Col. Well; however they ſay he has a great Eſtate, but only the right Owner keeps him out of it.

Lady Sm. What Religion is he of?

Lord Sp. Why; he is an Anythingarian.

Lady Anſw. I believe, he has his Religion to chuſe, my Lord.

[Neverout *ſcratches his Neck.*]

Miſs. Fye, Mr. *Neverout*, an't you aſhamed? I beg Pardon for the Expreſſion; but I'm afraid your Boſom Friends are become your Backbiters.

Nev. Well, Miſs, I ſaw a Flea once on your Pinner; and a Louſe is a Man's Companion, but a Flea is a Dog's Companion. However, I wiſh you would ſcratch my Neck with your pretty white Hand.

Miſs. And who would be Fool then? I would not touch a Man's Fleſh for the Univerſe: You have the wrong Sow by the Ear; I aſſure you that's Meat for your Maſter.

Col Well, I muſt be plain, here's a very bad Smell.

Miſs. Perhaps, Colonel, the Fox is the finder.

Nev. No, Colonel, 'tis only your Teeth againſt Rain. But,

Miſs. Colonel, I find, you would make a very good poor Man's Sow. But,

Nev. Miſs *Notable*; all Quarrels laid aſide, pray ſtep hither for a Moment.

Miſs. I'll waſh my Hands and wait on you, Sir; but pray come you hither, and try to open this Lock.

Nev. We'll try what we can do.

Miſs. Well what, have you Pigs in your Belly?

Nev. I aſſure you, Miſs, I am very handy at all Things.

Miſs. Marry hang them, that can't give themſelves a good Word, I believe you may have an even Hand to throw a Louſe into the Fire.

[*Colonel coughing.*]

Col. I have got a ſad Cold.

Lady Anſw. Ay, 'tis well if one can get any Thing theſe hard Times.

Miſs. [*To Colonel.*] Choak Chicken, there's another a Hatching.

Lady Sm.

Lady Sm. Pray, Colonel, how did you get that Cold?

Lord Sp. Why, Madam, I ſuppoſe the Colonel got it by lying a-Bed barefoot.

Lady Anſw. Why, then Colonel, you muſt take it for better for worſe, as a Man takes his Wife.

Col. Well, Ladies, I apprehend you without a Conſtable.

Miſs. Mr. *Neverout*, Mr. *Neverout*, come hither this Moment.

Lady Sm. [*imitating her.*] Mr. *Neverout*, Mr. *Neverout*, I wiſh he were ty'd to your Girdle.

Nev. What's the Matter? Whoſe Mare's dead now?

Miſs. Take your Labour for your Pains, you may go back again like a Fool as you came.

Nev. Well, Miſs, if you deceive me a ſecond Time, it's my Fault.

Lady Sm. Colonel, methinks your Coat is too ſhort.

Col. It will be long enough, before I get another, Madam.

Miſs. Come, come, the Coat's a good Coat, and come of good Friends.

Nev. Ladies, you are miſtaken in the Stuff; 'tis half Silk.

Col. Tom Neverout, you're a Fool, and that's your Fault.

[*A great Noiſe below.*]

Lady Sm. Hey, what a clattering is there; one would think Hell was broke looſe.

Miſs. Indeed, Madam, I muſt take my Leave, for I an't well.

Lady

Lady Sm. What, you are ſick of the Mulligrubs with eating chopt Hay.

Miſs. No indeed, Madam, to ſay the Truth of it, I'm ſick and hungry, more need of a Cook than a Doctor.

Lady Anſ. Poor Miſs, ſhe's ſick as a Cuſhion, ſhe wants nothing but ſtuffing.

Col. If you are ſick, you ſhall have a Caudle of Calves Eggs.

Nev. I can't find my Gloves.

Miſs. I ſaw the Dog running away with ſome dirty Thing a while ago.

Col. Miſs, you have got my Handkerchief; pray let me have it.

Lady Sm. No, keep it Miſs, for they ſay Poſſeſſion is eleven Points of the Law.

Miſs. Madam, he ſhall never have it again; it is in Huckſters Hands.

Lady Anſw. What; I ſee 'tis raining again.

Lord Sp. Why then, Madam, we muſt do as they do in *Spain*.

Lady Sm. Pray, my Lord, how is that?

Lord Sp. Why, Madam, we muſt let it rain.

[*Miſs whiſpers Lady* Smart.]

Nev. Miſs, there's no whiſpering but there's lying.

Miſs. Lord! Mr. *Neverout*, you are grown as pert as a Pearmonger this Morning.

Nev. Indeed, Miſs, you are very handſome.

Miſs. Poh, I know that already, tell me News.

[*Some Body knocks at the Door.*]

[*Footman comes in.*]

Footman.

Footman. [*to Col.*] An pleaſe your Honour, there's a Man below wants to ſpeak to you.

Col. Ladies, your Pardon for a Minute.

[*Colonel goes out.*]

Lady Sm. Miſs, I ſent Yeſterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

Miſs. Why, Madam, I was huncht up in a Hackney Coach with three Country Acquaintance, who called upon me to take the Air as far as *Highgate.*

Lady Sm. And had you a pleaſant Airing?

Miſs. No, Madam, it rain'd all the Time: I was jolted to Death, and the Road was ſo bad, that I ſcreamed every Moment, and call'd to the Coachman, pray Friend don't ſpill us.

Nev. So, Miſs, you were afraid that Pride ſhould have a Fall.

Miſs. Mr. *Neverout*, when I want a Fool, I'll ſend for you.

Lord Sp. Miſs, did not your left Ear burn laſt Night?

Miſs. Pray why, my Lord?

Lord Sp. Becauſe I was then in ſome Company, where you were extolled to the Skies, I aſſure you.

Miſs. My Lord, that was more their Goodneſs, than my Deſert.

Lord Sp. They ſaid you were a compleat Beauty.

Miſs. My Lord, I am as God made me.

Lady Sm. The Girl's well enough if ſhe had but another Noſe.

Miſs. O, Madam, I know I ſhall always have your good Word; you love to help a lame Dog over the Style.

[*One*

[*One knocks.*]

Lady Sm. Who's there? You're on the wrong Side of the Door; come in if you be fat.

[*Colonel comes in again.*]

Lord Sp. Why, Colonel, you are a Man of great Buſineſs.

Col. Ay, my Lord; I'm like my Lord Mayor's Fool; full of Buſineſs, and nothing to do.

Lady Sm. My Lord, don't you think the Colonel's mightily fallen away of late?

Lord Sp. Ay, fallen from a Horſe Load to a Cart-Load.

Col. Why, my Lord, I'gad I am like a Rabbit, fat and lean in four and twenty Hours.

Lady Sm. I aſſure you, the Colonel walks as ſtrait as a Pin.

Miſs. Yes, he's a handſome bodied Man in the Face.

Nev. A handſome Foot and Leg, God-a-Mercy Shoe and Stocking.

Col. What? three upon one, that's foul play. This would make a Parſon ſwear.

Nev. Why Miſs; what's the Matter? You look as if you had neither won nor loſt.

Col. Why, you muſt know, Miſs lives upon Love.

Miſs. Yes, upon Love and Lumps of the Cupboard.

Lady Anſ. Ay, they ſay Love and Peaſe-porridge are two dangerous Things; one breaks the Heart, and t'other the Belly.

[*Miſs imitating Lady* Anſwerall's *Tone.*]

Miſs.

Miſs. Very pretty, one breaks the Heart, and t'other the Belly.

Lady Anſ. Have a Care, Miſs, they ſay mocking is catching.

Miſs. I never heard that.

Nev. Why then, Miſs, you have one wrinkle —— more than ever you had before.

Miſs. Well; live and learn.

Nev. Ay, and be hang'd, and forget all.

Miſs. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, take it as you pleaſe; but I ſwear, you're a ſawcy Jack for uſing ſuch Expreſſions.

Nev. Why then, Miſs, if you go to that, I muſt tell you, that there's never a Jack, but there's a Jill.

Miſs. O, Mr. *Neverout*, every one knows that you are the Pink of Courteſy.

Nev. And, Miſs, all the World allows that you are the Flower of Civility.

Lady Sm. Miſs, I hear there was a great deal of Company where you viſited laſt Night: Pray, who were they?

Miſs. Why, there was Lady *Forward*, Miſs *Toandagain*, Sir *John Ogle*, my Lady *Clapper*; and I, quoth the Dog.

Col. Was your Viſit long, Miſs?

Miſs. Why truly, they went all to the Opera, and ſo poor Pillgarlick came home alone.

Nev. Alack a Day, poor Miſs, methinks it grieves me to pity you.

Miſs. What, you think you ſaid a fine Thing now; well, if I had a Dog with no more Wit, I would hang him.

Lady Sm. Miſs, if it be Manners, may I aſk which is oldeſt, you, or Lady *Scuttle*?

Miſs. Why, my Lord, when I dye for Age, ſhe may quake for Fear.

Lady

Lady Sm. She's a very great Gadder abroad.

Lady Sm. Lord! ſhe made me follow her laſt Week through all the Shops like a Tantiny Pig.

Lady Sm. I remember you told me, you had been with her from *Dan* to *Berſheba*.

Miſs. O, Mr. *Neverout*, my little *Counteſs* has juſt littered; ſpeak me fair, and I'll ſet you down for a Puppy.

Nev. Why Miſs, if I ſpeak you fair, perhaps I mayn't tell Truth.

Lord Sp. Ay, but *Tom*, ſmoak that, ſhe calls you Puppy by Craft.

Nev. Well, Miſs, you ride the fore Horſe To-Day.

Miſs. Ay, many a one ſays well, that thinks ill.

Nev. Fye, Miſs, you ſaid that once before; and you know, too much of one Thing is good for nothing.

Miſs. Why ſure, one can't ſay a good Thing too often.

Lord Sp. Well; ſo much for that, and Butter for Fiſh. Let us call another Cauſe. Pray, Madam, does your Ladyſhip know Mrs. *Nice*?

Lady Sm. Perfectly well, my Lord; ſhe is nice by Name, and nice by Nature.

Lord Sp. Is it poſſible that ſhe could take that Booby *Tom Blunder* for Love?

Miſs. She had good Skill in Horſe Fleſh, that could chuſe a Gooſe to ride on.

Lady Anſw. Why, my Lord, it was her Fate; they ſay Marriage and hanging go by Deſtiny.

Col. I believe, ſhe'll never be burnt for a Witch.

Lord Sp. They ſay Marriages are made in Heaven; but I doubt when ſhe was marry'd ſhe had no Friends there.

Nev.

Nev. Well, ſhe's got out of God's Bleſſing into the warm Sun.

Col. The Fellow's well enough, if he had any Guts in his Brains.

Lady Sm. They ſay, thereby hangs a Tale.

Lord Sp. Why, he's a meer Hobbledehoy, neither Man nor Boy.

Miſs. Well, if I were to chuſe a Huſband, I would never be marry'd to a little Man.

Nev. Pray why ſo, Miſs? For they ſay of all Evils we ought to chuſe the leaſt.

Miſs. Becauſe Folks would ſay, when they ſaw us together; there goes the Woman and her Huſband.

Col. [*To Lady* Smart.] Will your Ladyſhip be on the *Mall* To-morrow Night?

Lady Sm. No, that won't be proper; you know To-morrow is *Sunday*.

Lord Sp. What then, Madam, they ſay, the better Day the better Deed.

Lady Anſ. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, how do you like my Lady *Fruzz?*

Nev. Pox on her, ſhe's as old as *Pole's*.

Miſs. So will you be, if you ben't hang'd when you're young.

Nev. Come, Miſs, let us be Friends; will you go to the Park this Evening?

Miſs. With all my Heart, and a Piece of my Liver; but not with you.

Lady Sm. I'll tell you one Thing, and that's not two: I'm afraid I ſhall get a Fit of the Head-ach To-day.

Col. O, Madam, don't be afraid, it comes with a Fright.

Miſs. [*To Lady* Anſwerall.] Madam, one of your Ladyſhip's Lappets is longer than t'other.

Lady

Lady Anſ. Well, no Matter; they that ride on a trotting Horſe will ne'er perceive it.

Nev. Indeed, Miſs, your Lappets hang worſe.

Miſs. Well, I love a Lyar in my Heart, and you fit me to a Hair.

[*Miſs riſes up.*]

Nev. Duce take you, Miſs, you trod on my Foot, I hope you don't intend to come to my Bed-Side.

Miſs. In troth, you are afraid of your Friends, and none of them near you.

Lord Sp. Well ſaid, Girl, [*giving her a Chuck.*] take that, they ſay a Chuck under the Chin is worth two Kiſſes.

Lady Anſw. But, Mr. *Neverout*, I wonder why ſuch a handſome ſtrait young Gentleman as you, does not get ſome rich Widow.

Lord Sp. Strait! ay, ſtrait as my Leg, and that's crooked at Knee.

Nev. Faith, Madam, if it rain'd rich Widows, none of them would fall upon me. I'gad I was born under a three Penny Planet, never to be worth a Groat.

Lady Anſw. No, Mr. *Neverout*, I believe you were born with a Cawl on your Head; you are ſuch a Favourite among the Ladies. But, what think you of Widow *Prim?* She's immenſly rich.

Nev. Hang her, they ſay her Father was a Baker.

Lady Sm. Ay, but it is not what is ſhe, but what has ſhe now a-Days.

Col. Tom, Faith put on a bold Face for once, and have at the Widow. I'll ſpeak a good Word for you to her.

Lady

Lady Anſ. Ay, I warrant you'll ſpeak one Word for him, and two for your ſelf.

Miſs. Well, I had that juſt at my Tongue's End.

Lady Anſw. Why, Miſs, they ſay good Wits jump.

Nev. Faith, Madam, I had rather marry a Woman I loved, in her Smock, than Widow *Prim*, if ſhe had her Weight in Gold.

Lady Sm. Come, come, Mr. *Neverout*, Marriage is honourable; but, Houſekeeping is a Shrew.

Lady Anſw. Conſider, Mr. *Neverout*, four bare Legs in a Bed; and you are a younger Brother.

Col. Well, Madam, the younger Brother is the better Gentleman. However, *Tom*, I would adviſe you to look before you leap.

Lord Sp. The Colonel ſays true: Beſides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the ſame Year.

Miſs. [*Shuddering.*] Lord, there's ſome Body walking over my Grave.

Col. Pray, Lady *Anſwerall*, where was you laſt Wedneſday, when I did my ſelf the Honour to wait on you? I think your Ladyſhip is one of the Tribe of Gad.

Lady Anſw. Why, Colonel; I was at Church.

Col. Nay, then I will be hang'd, and my Horſe too.

Nev. I believe her Ladyſhip was at a Church, with a Chimney in it.

Miſs. Lord! my Pettycoat, how it hangs by Jommetry.

Nev. Perhaps, the Fault may be in your Shape.

Miſs. [*Looking gravely.*] Come, Mr. *Neverout*, there's no Jeſt like a true Jeſt: But, I ſuppoſe, you think my Back's broad enough to bear every Thing.

Nev. Madam; I humbly beg your Pardon.

Miſs.

Miſs. Well, Sir, your Pardon's granted.

Nev. Well, all Things have an End, and a Pudden has two, up up on, my my Word. [*Stutters.*]

Miſs. What; Mr. *Neverout*, can't you ſpeak without a Spoon?

Lady Sp. [*To Lady* Smart.] Has your Ladyſhip ſeen the Dutcheſs ſince your Falling-out?

Lady Sm. Never, my Lord, but once at a a Viſit; and ſhe look'd at me, as the Devil look'd over *Lincoln.*

Nev. Pray Miſs, take a Pinch of my Snuff.

Miſs. What; you break my Head, and give me a Plaiſter; well, with all my Heart; once and not uſe it.

Nev. Well, Miſs, if you wanted me and your Victuals, you'd want your two beſt Friends.

Col. [*To* Neverout.] *Tom*, Miſs and you muſt kiſs and be Friends.

[Neverout *ſalutes Miſs.*]

Miſs. Any Thing for a quiet Life. My Noſe itch'd, and I knew I ſhould drink Wine, or kiſs a Fool.

Col. Well, *Tom*, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

Nev. I never ſaid a rude Thing to a Lady in my Life.

Miſs. Here's a Pin for that Lye. I'm ſure Lyars had need of good Memories. Pray, Colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but juſt now?

Lady Anſw. Mr. *Neverout*, if Miſs will be angry for nothing, take my Council, and bid her turn the Buckle of her Girdle behind her.

Nev. Come, Lady *Anſwerall*, I know better Things, Miſs and I are good Friends: Don't put Tricks upon Travellers.

Col.

Col. Tom, not a Word of the Pudden, I beg you.

Lady Sm. Ah, Colonel, you'll never be good, nor then neither.

Lord Sp. Which of the Goods d'ye mean? Good for ſomething, or good for nothing.

Miſs. I have a Bliſter on my Tongue; yet I don't remember I told a Lye.

Lady Anſ. I thought you did juſt now.

Lord Sp. Pray, Madam, what did thought do?

Lady Anſw. Well, for my Life I cannot conceive what your Lordſhip means.

Lord Sp. Indeed, Madam, I mean no Harm.

Lady Sm. No to be ſure, my Lord, you are as innocent as a Devil of two Year old.

Nev. Madam, they ſay, ill Doers, are ill Deemers; but I don't apply it to your Ladyſhip.

[*Miſs mending a Hole in her Lace.*]

Miſs. Well, you ſee I'm mending; I hope, I ſhall be good in Time. Look, Lady *Anſwerall*, is it not well mended?

Lady Anſ. Ay, this is ſomething like a Tanzy.

Lady Sm. Pray Colonel, are you not very much tann'd?

Col. Yes, Madam, but a Cup of Chriſtmas Ale, will ſoon waſh it off.

Lord Sp. Lady *Smart*, does not your Ladyſhip think Mrs. *Fade*, is mightily altered ſince her Marriage?

Lady Anſw Why, my Lord, ſhe was handſome in her Time; but, ſhe can't eat her Cake and have her Cake. I hear ſhe's grown a mere Otomy.

Lady

Lady Anſw. Poor Creature, the black Ox has ſet his Foot upon her already.

Miſs. Ay, ſhe has quite loſt the Blue on the Plum.

Lady Sm. And yet, they ſay he is very fond of her ſtill.

Lady Anſw. O Madam! if ſhe would eat Gold, he would give it her.

* *Nev.* [*To Lady* Smart.] Madam, have you heard that Lady *Queaſy*, was lately at the Play-Houſe in Cog?

Lady Sm. What Lady *Queaſy*, of all Women in the World! Do you ſay it upon Rep?

Nev. Pozz; I ſaw her with my own Eyes; ſhe ſat among the Mobb in the Gallery, her own ugly Fizz. And ſhe ſaw me look at her.

Col. Her Ladyſhip was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant it put her into the Hipps.

Nev. I ſmoakt her huge Noſe; and I'gad, ſhe put me in Mind of the Woodcock, that ſtrives to hide his long Bill, and then thinks no Body ſees him.

Col. Tom, I adviſe you to hold your Tongue; for you'll never ſay ſo good a Thing again.

Lady Sm. Miſs, what are you looking for?

Miſs. O! Madam, I have loſt the fineſt Needle.

Lady Anſw. Why, ſeek 'till you find it, and you won't loſe your Labour.

Nev. The Loop of my Hat is broke. How ſhall I mend it? [*He faſtens it with a Pin.*] well, hang them, ſay I, that have no Shift.

Miſs. Ay, and hang them that has one too many.

Miſs. Well, but I don't like ſuch Jeſting.

* *Here the Author, for Variety, runs into ſome Cant Words.*

Nev.

Nev. Oh Miſs! I have heard a ſad Story of you.

Miſs. I defy you, Mr. *Neverout*; no Body can ſay, black's my Eye.

Nev. I believe you would wiſh they could.

Miſs. Well, but who was your Author? Come, tell Truth for once, and ſhame the Devil.

Nev. Come, then Miſs; gueſs who it was that told me; come, put on your conſidering Cap.

Miſs. Well, who was it?

Nev. Why, one that lives within a Mile of an Oak.

Miſs. Well; go hang yourſelf in your own Garter; for I'm ſure the Gallows groans for you.

Nev. Bite! Miſs, I was but in Jeſt.

Miſs. Well, but don't let that ſtick in your Gizzard.

Col. [*To Lord* Smart.] My Lord, does your Lordſhip know Mrs. *Talkall?*

Lord Sm. Only by Sight: But, I hear ſhe has a great deal of Wit; and I'gad, as the Saying is, Mettle to the Back-Bone.

Lady Sm. So I hear.

Col. Why; *Dick Lubber*, ſaid to her t'other Day; Madam, you can't cry Bo to a Gooſe: Yes, but I can ſaid ſhe; and I'gad cry'd Bo full in his Face. We all thought we ſhould break our Hearts with laughing.

Lord Sp. That was cutting with a Vengeance. And, prithee how did the Fool look?

Col. Look: I'gad, he look'd for all the World, like an Owl in an Ivy Buſh.

[*Child comes in ſcreaming.*]

Miſs. Well, if that Child was mine, I'd whip it 'till the Blood came. Peace you little Vixen; if I were near you, I wou'd not be far from you.

Lady Sm. Ay, ay, Batchelor's Wives, and Maid's Children, are finely tutor'd.

Lady Anſw. Come to me Maſter, and I'll give you a Sugar-Plum: Why Miſs, you forget that ever you was a Child yourſelf.

[*She gives the Child a Lump of Sugar.*]

I have heard 'em ſay Boys will long.

Col. My Lord, I ſuppoſe you know, that Mr. *Buzzard* has married again.

Lady Sm. This is his fourth Wife; then he has been ſhod round.

Col. Why, you muſt know, ſhe had a Month's Mind to *Dick Frontleſs*, and thought to run away with him; but, her Parents forced her to take the the old Fellow, for a good Settlement.

Lord Sp. So the Man got his Mare again.

Lady Sm. I'm told he ſaid a very good Thing to *Dick*; ſaid he, you *think* us old Fellows are Fools. But we old Fellows *know* young Fellows are Fools.

Col. I know nothing of that; but I know, he's deviliſh Old, and ſhe's very Young.

Lady Anſw. Why, they call that a Match of the World's making.

Miſs. What, if he had been Young, and ſhe Old?

Nev. Why, Miſs, that would have been a Match of the Devil's making: But, when both are Young, that's a Match of God's making.

[*Miſs ſearching her Pocket for a Thimble, brings out a Nutmeg.*]

Nev. O Miſs! have a Care; for if you carry a Nutmeg in your Pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old Man.

Miſs,

Miſs. Well, and if ever I be married, it ſhall be to an old Man; they always make the beſt Huſbands: And it is better to be an old Man's Darling, than a young Man's Warling.

Nev. Faith, Miſs, if you ſpeak, as you think, I'll give you my Mother for a Maid.

[*Lady* Smart *rings the Bell.*]

[*Footman comes in.*]

Lady Sm. Harkee, you Fellow, run to my Lady *Match*; and deſire ſhe will remember to be here at Six to play at *Quadrille*, d'ye hear, if you fall by the Way, don't ſtay to get up again.

Footman. Madam, I don't know the Houſe.

Lady Sm. Well, that's not for Want of Ignorance, follow your Noſe. Go enquire among the Servants.

[*Footman goes out, and leaves the Door open.*]

Lady Sm. Here, come back you Fellow, why did you leave the Door open: Remember, that a good Servant muſt always come, when he's call'd, do what he's bid, and ſhut the Door after him.

[*The Footman goes out again, and falls down Stairs.*]

Lady Anſw. Neck, or nothing. Come down, or I'll fetch you down: Well, but I hope the poor Fellow has not ſaved the Hangman a Labour.

Nev. Pray, Madam, ſmoak Miſs yonder biting her Lips, and playing with her Fan.

Miſs. Who's that takes my Name in vain?

[*She runs up to them, and falls down.*]

Lady Sm. What, more falling? Do you intend the Frolick ſhould go round?

Lady Anſ. Why, Miſs, I wiſh you may not have broke her Ladyſhip's Floor.

Nev. Miſs, come to me, and I'll take you up.

Lord Sp. Well, but without a Jeſt, I hope, Miſs, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, ſhe muſt be hurt for certain; for you ſee her Head is all of a Lump.

Miſs. Well; remember this, Colonel, when I have Money, and you have none.

Lady Sm. But, Colonel, when do you deſign to get a Houſe, and a Wife, and a Fire to put her in?

Miſs. Lord! who would be marryed to a Soldier, and carry his Knap-Sack.

Nev. O, Madam, *Mars* and *Venus*, you know.

Col. I'gad, Madam, I'd marry To-morrow, if I thought I could bury my Wife juſt when the Honey Moon is over; but they ſay, a Woman has as many Lives as a Cat.

Lady Anſw. I find, the Colonel thinks a dead Wife under the Table, is the beſt Goods in a Man's Houſe.

Lady Sm. O, but Colonel, if you had a good Wife, it would break your Heart to part with her.

Col. Yes, Madam, for they ſay, he that has loſt his Wife and Sixpence, has loſt a Teſter.

Lady Sm. But, Colonel, they ſay, that every marryed Man ſhould believe there is but one good Wife in the World, and that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good Wife muſt be beſpoke; for there is none ready made.

Miſs. I ſuppoſe, the Gentleman's a Woman Hater; but, Sir, I think you ought to remember that once you had a Mother. And, pray, if it had

had not been for a Woman, where would you have been, Colonel?

Col. Nay, Miſs, you cry'd Whore firſt, when you talk'd of the Knap-Sack.

Lady Anſw. But, I hope, you won't blame the whole Sex, becauſe ſome are bad.

Nev. And, they ſay, he that hates Women, ſuck'd a Sow.

Col. O, Madam, there's no general Rule without an Exception.

Lady Sm. Then; why don't you marry and ſettle.

Col. I'gad, Madam, there's nothing will ſettle me but a Bullet.

Miſs. I ſuppoſe, the Colonel was croſs'd in his firſt Love; which makes him ſo ſevere on all the Sex.

Lady Anſ. Yes, and I'll hold an hundred to one, that the Colonel has been over Head and Ears in Love with ſome Lady that has made his Heart ach.

Col. O, Madam, we Soldiers are Admirers of all the fair Sex.

Miſs. I wiſh I could ſee the Colonel in love, 'till he was ready to dye.

Lady Sm. Ay, but I doubt, few People dye for Love in theſe Days.

Nev. Well, I confeſs, I differ from the Colonel, for I hope to have a rich, and a handſome Wife yet, before I dye.

Col. Ay, *Tom*, live Horſe, and thou ſhalt have Graſs.

Miſs. Well, Colonel, but whatever you ſay againſt Women, they are better Creatures than Men; for Men were made of Clay, but Woman was made of Man.

Col.

Col. Miſs, you may ſay what you pleaſe; but faith, you'll never lead Apes in Hell.

Nev. No, no, I'll be ſworn, Miſs has not an Inch of Nun's Fleſh about her.

Miſs. I underſtumble you, Gentlemen.

Nev. Madam, your humblecumdumble.

Lord Sp. Pray, Miſs, when did you ſee your old Acquaintance Mrs. *Cloudy?* You and ſhe are two, I hear.

Miſs. See her: Marry I don't Care whether I ever ſee her again, God bleſs my Eye-Sight.

Lady Anſ. Lord; why ſhe and you were as great as two Inkle-Weavers. I am ſure, I have ſeen her hug you, as the Devil hugg'd the Witch.

Miſs. That's true; but I'm told for certain, ſhe's no better than ſhe ſhould be.

Lady Sm. Well; God mend us all; but you muſt allow, the World is very cenſorious. I never heard that ſhe was naughty.

Col. [*To* Neverout.] Come, Sir *Thomas*, when the King pleaſes, when do you intend to march?

Lord Sp. Have Patience; *Tom*, is your Friend *Ned Rattle* marryed?

Nev. Yes, Faith, my Lord; he has tyed a Knot with his Tongue, that he can never untye with his Teeth.

Lady Sm. Ay, marry in haſte, and repent at leiſure.

Lady Anſw. Has he got a good Fortune with his Lady? For, they ſay, ſomething has ſome ſavour, but nothing has no flavour.

Nev. Faith, Madam, all he gets by her, he may put into his Eye, and ſee never the worſe.

Miſs. Then, I believe, he heartily wiſhes her in *Abraham*'s Boſom,

Col.

Col. Pray, my Lord, how does *Charles Limber*, and his fine Wife agree?

Lord Sp. Why, they ſay, he's the greateſt Cuckold in Town.

Nev. O but, my Lord, you ſhould always except my Lord Mayor.

Miſs. Mr. *Neverout.*

Nev. Hay, Madam, did you call me?

Miſs. Hay! Why; Hay is for Horſes.

Nev. Why, Miſs, than you may ——

Col. Pray, my Lord, what's a Clock by your Oracle?

Lord Sp. Faith, I can't tell; I think my Watch runs upon Wheels.

Nev. Miſs, pray be ſo kind to call a Servant to bring me a Glaſs of Small-Beer. I know you are at Home here.

Miſs. Every Fool can do as they're bid. Make a Page of your own Age, and do it yourſelf.

Nev. Chuſe proud Fool; I did but aſk you.

[*Miſs puts her Hand to her Knee.*]

What, Miſs, are you thinking of your Sweetheart? Is your Garter ſlipping down?

Miſs. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, keep your Breath to cool your Porridge. You meaſure my Corn by your Buſhel.

Nev. Indeed, Miſs, you Lye ——

Miſs. Did you ever hear any Thing ſo rude.

Nev. I mean, you lye —— under a Miſtake.

Miſs. If a thouſand Lyes could choak you, you would have been choaked many a Day ago.

[*Miſs tries to ſnatch Mr.* Neverout's *Snuff-Box.*]

Nev. Madam, you miſs'd that, as you miſs'd your Mother's Bleſſing.

[*She*

[*She tries again, and miſſes.*]

Nev. Snap ſhort makes you look ſo lean, Miſs.

Miſs. Poh; you are ſo robuſtious: You had like to put out my Eye: I aſſure you, if you blind me, you muſt lead me.

Lady Sm. Dear Miſs, be quiet; and bring me a Pin-Cuſhion out of that Cloſet.

[*Miſs opens the Door, and ſquals.*]

Lady Sm. Lord bleſs the Girl, what's the Matter now?

Miſs. I vow, Madam, I ſaw ſomething in black, I thought it was a Spirit.

Col. Why, Miſs, did you ever ſee a Spirit?

Miſs. No, Sir, I thank God, I never ſaw any Thing worſe than my ſelf.

Nev. Well, I did a very fooliſh Thing Yeſterday, and was a great Puppy for my Pains.

Miſs. Very likely; for they ſay, many a true Word ſpoken in Jeſt.

[*Footman returns.*]

Lady Sm. Well, did you deliver your Meſſage? You are fit to be ſent for Sorrow, you ſtay ſo long by the Way.

Footman. Madam, my Lady was not at home; ſo, I did not leave the Meſſage.

Lady Sm. This it is to ſend a Fool of an Errand.

[*Lord* Sparkiſh *looking at his Watch.*]

Lord Sp. 'Tis paſt twelve a Clock.

Lady Sm. Well, what is that among us all?

Lord Sp. Madam, I muſt take my Leave.

Lady Sm. Well, but your Lordſhip, and the Colonel,

Colonel, will dine with us To-Day; and Mr. *Neverout*, I hope, we ſhall have your good Company. There will be no Soul elſe, beſides my own Lord, and theſe Ladies. For every Body knows, I hate a Crowd: I would rather want Vittels, than Elbow Room. We dine punctually at three.

Lord Sp. Madam, we'll be ſure to attend your Ladyſhip.

Col. Madam, my Stomach ſerves me inſtead of a Clock.

[*Another Footman comes back.*]

Lady Sm. O, you are the other Fellow I ſent: Well, have you been with my Lady *Club*. You are good to ſend of a dead Man's Errand.

Footman. Madam, my Lady *Club* begs your Ladyſhip's Pardon; but ſhe is engaged To-Night.

Miſs. Well, Mr. *Neverout*; here's the Back of my Hand to you.

Nev. Miſs, I find you will have the laſt Word, Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

Second CONVERSATION.

[*Lord* Smart, *and the former Company at three a Clock, coming to dine.*]

[*After Salutations.*]

Lord Sm. I'M ſorry I was not at home this Morning, when you all did us the Honour to call here. But I went to the Levee To-Day.

Lord Sp. O, my Lord; I'm ſure the Loſs was ours.

Lady Sm. Gentlemen, and Ladies, you are come into a ſad dirty Houſe, I am ſorry for it, but we have had our Hands in Mortar.

Lord Sp. O, Madam, your Ladyſhip is pleaſed to ſay ſo, but I never ſaw any Thing ſo clean and ſo fine. I profeſs it is a perfect Paradiſe.

Lady Sm. My Lord, your Lordſhip is always very obliging.

Lord Sp. Pray, Madam, whoſe Picture is that?

Lady Sm. Why, my Lord, it was drawn for me.

Lord

Lord Sp. I'll ſwear, the Painter did not flatter your Ladyſhip.

Col. My Lord, the Day is finely cleared up.

Lord Sm. Ay, Colonel, 'tis a Pity that fair Weather ſhould ever do any harm. [*to* Neverout.] Why, *Tom*, you are high in the Mode.

Nev. My Lord, it is better to be out of the World, than out of the Faſhion.

Lord Sm. But, *Tom*, I hear, you and Miſs, are always quarelling: I fear, it is your Fault, for I can aſſure you, ſhe is very good humoured.

Nev. Ay, my Lord, ſo is the Devil when he's pleas'd.

Lord Sm. Miſs, what do you think of my Friend *Tom?*

Miſs. My Lord, I think he is not the wiſeſt Man in the World; and truly, he's ſometimes very rude.

Lord Sp. That may be true; but yet, he that hangs *Tom* for a Fool, may find a Knave in the Halter.

Miſs. Well, however, I wiſh he were hang'd, if it were only to try.

Nev. Well, Miſs, if I muſt be hanged, I won't go far to chuſe my Gallows: It ſhall be about your fair Neck.

Miſs. I'll ſee your Noſe Cheeſe firſt, and the Dogs eating it. But, my Lord, Mr. *Neverout*'s Wit begins to run low, for I vow he ſaid this before. Pray, Colonel, give him a Pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

Lord Sp. My Lady *Smart*, your Ladyſhip has a very fine Scarf.

Lady Sm. Yes, my Lord, it will make a flaming Figure in a Country Church.

[*Footman*

[*Footman comes in.*]

Footman. Madam, Dinner's upon the Table.

Col. Faith, I'm glad of it; my Belly began to cry Cupboard.

Nev. I wiſh I may never hear worſe News.

Miſs. What; Mr. *Neverout*, you are in great haſte; I believe your Belly thinks your Throat's cut.

Nev. No, faith Miſs, three Meals a Day, and a good Supper at Night, will ſerve my Turn.

Miſs. To ſay the Truth, I'm hungry.

Nev. And I'm angry, ſo let us both go fight.

[*They go in to Dinner, and after the uſual Compliments, take their Seats.*]

Lord Sm. Ladies and Gentlemen, will you eat any Oyſters before Dinner.

Col. With all my Heart. [*Takes an Oyſter.*] He was a bold Man that firſt eat an Oyſter.

Lady Sm. They ſay, Oyſters are a cruel Meat; becauſe we eat them alive: Then, they are an uncharitable Meat; for we leave nothing to the Poor. And, they are an ungodly Meat, becauſe we never ſay Grace to them.

Nev. Faith, that's as well ſaid, as if I had ſaid it my ſelf.

Lady Sm. Well, we are all well ſet, if we be but as well ſerv'd. Come, Colonel, handle your Arms: Shall I help you to ſome Beef?

Col. If your Ladyſhip pleaſes; and pray don't cut like a Mother-in-law, but ſend me a large Slice; for I love to lay a good Foundation: I vow 'tis a noble Sirloyn.

Nev.

Nev. Ay, here's Cut and come again, Miſs. But pray, why is it called a Sirloyn?

Lord Sp. Why, you muſt know, that our King *James* I. who loved good Eating, being invited to Dinner by one of his Nobles, and ſeeing a large Loyn of Beef at his Table; he drew out his Sword, and in a Frolick Knighted it. Few People know the Secret of this.

Lord Sp. Beef is Man's Meat, my Lord.

Lord Sm. But, my Lord, I ſay, Beef is the King of Meat.

Miſs. Pray, what have I done, that I muſt not have a Plate?

Lady Sm. [*To* Lady *Anſwerall.*] What will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to eat?

Lady Anſw. Pray, Madam, help your ſelf.

Col. They ſay Eating and Scratching wants but a Beginning. If you will give me Leave, I'll help my ſelf to a Slice of this Shoulder of Veal.

Lady Sm. Colonel, you can't do a kinder Thing. Well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may ſay.

Col. They ſay there are thirty and two good Bits in a Shoulder of Veal.

Lady Sm. Ay, Colonel; thirty bad Bits, and two good ones; you ſee I underſtand you; but, I hope you have got one of the two good ones?

Nev. Colonel, I'll be of your Meſs.

Col. Then, pray *Tom*, carve for your ſelf: They ſay, two Hands in a Diſh, and one in a Purſe. Hah, ſaid I well, *Tom?*

Nev. Colonel, you ſpoke like an Oracle.

[*Miſs to Lady* Anſwerall.]

Miſs. Madam, will your Ladyſhip help me to ſome Fiſh?

Lord

Lord Sm. [*To* Neverout.] *Tom*, they ſay Fiſh ſhould ſwim thrice.

Nev. How is that, my Lord?

Lord Sm. Why, *Tom*, firſt it ſhould ſwim in the Sea; (do you mind me?) then it ſhould ſwim in Butter; and at laſt Sirrah, it ſhould ſwim in good Claret. I think I have made it out.

[*Footman to Lord* Smart.]

Footman. My Lord, Sir *John Linger* is coming up.

Lord Sm. God ſo! I invited him to Dinner with me to-Day, and forgot it. Well, deſire him to walk in.

[*Sir* John Linger *comes in.*]

Sir John. What; are you at it? Why, then I'll be gone.

Lady Sm. Sir *John*, I beg you will ſet down; come, the more, the merrier.

Sir John. Ay; but the fewer the better Cheer.

Lady Sm. Well, I am the worſt in the World at making Apologies. It was my Lord's Fault. I doubt you muſt kiſs the Hare's Foot.

Sir John. I ſee you are faſt by the Teeth.

Col. Faith, Sir *John*, we are killing that would kill us.

Lord Sp. You ſee, Sir *John*, we are upon a Buſineſs of Life and Death. Come, will you do as we do. You are come in Pudden Time.

Sir John. Ay, this you would be doing if I were dead. What, you keep Court Hours I ſee. I'll be going, and get a Bit of Meat at my Inn.

Lady Sm. Why, we won't eat you, Sir *John*.

Sir John. It is my own Fault; but, I was kept by

by a Fellow, who bought ſome *Derbyſhire* Oxen from me.

Nev. You ſee, Sir *John*, we ſtayed for you, as one Horſe does for another.

Lady Sm. My Lord, will you help Sir *John* to ſome Beef. Lady *Anſwerall*, pray eat, you ſee your Dinner. I am ſure, if we had known we ſhould have ſuch good Company, we ſhould have been better provided; but, you muſt take the Will for the Deed. I'm afraid you are invited to your Loſs.

Col. And, pray, Sir *John*, how do you like the Town? You have been abſent a long Time.

Sir John. Why, I find little *London* ſtands juſt where it did when I left it laſt.

Nev. What do you think of *Hanover-Square*, why, Sir *John*, *London* is gone out of Town ſince you ſaw it.

Lady Sm. Sir *John*, I can only ſay, you are heartily welcome; and I wiſh I had ſomething better for you.

Col. Here's no Salt, Cuckolds will run away with the Meat.

Lord Sm. Pray edge a little, to make more Room for Sir *John*. Sir *John* fall to, you know half an Hour is ſoon loſt at Dinner.

Sir John. I proteſt, I can't eat a Bit; for I took Share of a Beef-Stake, and two Mugs of Ale with my Chapman, beſides a Tankard of *March* Beer as ſoon as I got out of Bed.

Lady Anſw. Not freſh and faſting, I hope.

Sir John. Yes faith, Madam, I always waſh my Kettle before I put the Meat in it.

Lady Sm. Poh! Sir *John*, you have ſeen nine Houſes ſince you eat laſt: Come, you have kept a Corner of your Stomach for a Bit of Veniſon-Paſty.

Sir

Sir John. Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

Lady Anſw. Come, Sir *John*, you may go further, and fare worſe.

Miſs. [*To* Neverout.] Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, will you pleaſe to ſend me a Piece of Tongue?

Nev. By no Means, Madam; one Tongue's enough for a Woman.

Col. Miſs, here's a Tongue that never told a Lye.

Miſs. That was becauſe it could not ſpeak. Why, Colonel, I never told a Lye in my Life.

Nev. I appeal to all the Company, whether that be not the the greateſt Lye that ever was told.

Col. [*To* Neverout.] Prethee, *Tom*, ſend me the two Legs, and Rump, and Liver, of that Pigeon; for you muſt know, I love what no Body elſe loves.

Nev. But what if any of the Ladies ſhould long. Well, here take it, and the Devil do you good with it.

Lady Anſw. Well; this eating and drinking takes away a Body's Stomach.

Nev. I'm ſure I have loſt mine.

Miſs. What! the Bottom of it, I ſuppoſe.

Nev. No really, Miſs, I have quite loſt it.

Miſs. I ſhould be ſorry a poor Body had found it.

Lady Sm. But, Sir *John*, we hear you are marryed ſince we ſaw you laſt. What; you have ſtolen a Wedding, it ſeems.

Sir John. Well, one can't do a fooliſh Thing once in one's Life, but one muſt hear of it a hundred Times.

Col. And pray, Sir *John*, how does your Lady unknown?

Sir John. My Wife's well, Colonel; and at your Service in a civil Way. Ha, ha. [*He laughs.*]

Miſs.

Miſs. Pray, Sir *John*, is your Lady tall, or ſhort?

Sir John. Why, Miſs, I thank God, ſhe's a little Evil.

Lord Sp. Come, give me a Glaſs of Claret.

[*Footman fills him a Bumper.*]

Why do you fill ſo much?

Nev. My Lord, he fills as he loves you.

Lady Sm. Miſs, ſhall I ſend you ſome Cucumber?

Miſs. Madam, I dare not touch it; for they ſay, Cucumbers are cold in the third Degree.

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, do you love Pudden?

Nev. Madam, I'm like all Fools; I love every Thing that is good: But the Proof of the Pudden, is in the eating.

Col. Sir *John*, I hear you are a great Walker, when you are at home.

Sir John. No, Faith, Colonel, I always love to walk with a Horſe in my Hand. But I have had deviliſh bad Luck in Horſe-Fleſh, of late.

Lady Sm. Why then, Sir *John*, you muſt kiſs a Parſon's Wife.

Lady Sm. They ſay, Sir *John*, that your Lady has a great deal of Wit.

Sir John. Madam, ſhe can make a Pudden; and has juſt Wit enough to know her Huſband's Breeches from another Man's.

Lady Sm. My Lord *Sparkiſh*, I have ſome excellent Cyder, will you pleaſe to taſte it.

Lord Sp. My Lord, I ſhould like it well enough, if it were not ſo treacherous.

Lord Sm. Pray, my Lord, how is it treacherous?

Lord Sp. Becauſe it ſmiles in my Face, and cuts my Throat. [*Here a loud Laugh.*]

Miſs. Odd ſo, Madam, your Knives are very ſharp, for I have cut my Finger.

Lady Sm. I'm ſorry for it; pray which Finger?

Miſs. Why, this Finger, (God bleſs the Mark) no, 'tis this: I vow, I can't find which it is.

Nev. Ay, the Fox had a Wound, and he could not tell where, &c. Bring ſome Water to throw in her Face.

Miſs. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, did you ever draw a Sword in Anger? I warrant, you would faint at the Sight of your own Blood.

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, ſhall I ſend you ſome Veal?

Nev. No, Madam, I don't love it.

Miſs. Then, pray for them that do. I deſire your Ladyſhip will ſend me a Bit.

Lord Sm. Tom, my Service to you.

Nev. My Lord; this Moment, I did my ſelf the Honour to drink to your Lordſhip.

Lord Sm. Why then, that's *Hartfordſhire* Kindneſs.

Lord Sp. Why then, Colonel, my humble Service to you.

Nev. Pray, my Lord, don't make a Bridge of my Noſe.

Lord Sp. Well, a Glaſs of this Wine is as comfortable, as Matrimony to an old Maid.

Col. Sir *John*, I deſign one of theſe Days, to come and beat up your Quarters in *Derbyſhire*.

Sir John. Faith, Colonel, come and welcome; and ſtay away, and heartily welcome. But you were born within the Sound of *Bow* Bell, and don't Care to ſtir ſo far from *London*.

Miſs. Pray, Colonel, ſend me ſome Fritters.

[*Colonel*

[*Colonel takes them out with his Hand.*]

Col. Here, Miſs, they ſay, Fingers were made before Forks, and Hands before Knives.

Lady Sm. Methinks, this Pudden is too much boyl'd.

Lady Anſw. O, Madam, they ſay a Pudden is Poiſon, when it's too much boyl'd.

Nev. Miſs, ſhall I help you to a Pigeon? Here's a Pigeon ſo finely roaſted, it cries, Come eat me.

Miſs. No, Sir, I thank you.

Nev. Why then, you may chuſe.

Miſs. I have choſen already.

Nev. Well; you may be worſe offered, before you are twice married.

[*The Colonel fills a large Plate of Soupe.*]

Lord Sm. Why, Colonel, you don't mean to eat all that Soupe?

Col. O, my Lord, this is my ſick Diſh; when I am well, I have a Bigger.

Miſs. [*To Colonel.*] Sup *Simon*; good Broth.

Nev. This ſeems to be a good Pullet.

Miſs. I warrant, Mr. *Neverout*, knows what's good for himſelf.

Lord Sp. Tom, I ſhan't take your Word for it, help me to a Wing.

[Neverout *tries to cut off a Wing.*]

Nev. I'gad, I can't hit the Joynt.

Lord Sp. Why then, think of a Cuckold.

Nev. O, now I have nickt it.

[*Gives it Lord* Sparkiſh.]

Lord Sp. Why, a Man may eat this, though his Wife lay a Dying.

Col. Pray, Friend, give me a Glaſs of Small-Beer, if it be good.

Lord Sm. Why, Colonel, they ſay, there is no ſuch Thing as good Small-Beer, good brown Bread, or a good old Woman.

Lady Sm. [*To Lady* Anſwerall.] Madam, I beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon, I did not ſee you when I was cutting that Bit.

Lady Anſw. O, Madam, after you is good Manners.

Lady Sm. Lord, here's a Hair in the Sawce.

Lord Sp. Then, Madam, ſet the Hounds after it.

Nev. Pray, Colonel, help me, however, to ſome of that ſame Sawce.

Col. Come, I think you are more Sawce than Pig.

Lord Sm. Sir *John*, chear up, my Service to you: Well, what do you think of the World to come?

Sir John. Truly, my Lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady Sm. [*Putting a Skewer on a Plate.*] Here, take this Skewer, and carry it down to the Cook, to dreſs it for her own Dinner.

Nev. I beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon; but this Small-Beer is dead.

Lady Sm. Why then, let it be bury'd.

Col. This is admirable black Pudden; Miſs, ſhall I carve you ſome? I am the worſt Carver in the World; I ſhould never make a good Chaplain. I can juſt carve Pudden, and that's all.

Miſs. No, thank ye, Colonel; for they ſay, thoſe that eat black Pudden, will dream of the Devil.

Lord Sm. O, here comes the Veniſon Paſty: Here, take the Soupe away.

[*He cuts it up, and taſtes the Veniſon.*]

S'buds, this Veniſon is muſty.

[Neverout *eats a Piece, and burns his Mouth.*]

Lord Sm. What's the Matter, *Tom?* You have Tears in your Eyes, I think. What doſt cry for, Man?

Nev. My Lord, I was juſt thinking of my poor Grandmother; ſhe dyed juſt this very Day ſeven Years.

[*Miſs takes a Bit, and burns her Mouth.*]

Nev. And pray, Miſs, why do you cry too?

Miſs. Becauſe you were not hanged the Day your Grandmother dyed.

Lord Sm. I'd have given forty Pounds, Miſs, to have ſaid that.

Col. I'gad, I think, the more I eat, the hungryer I am.

Lord Sp. Why, Colonel, they ſay, one Shoulder of Mutton drives down another.

Nev. I'gad, if I were to faſt for my Life, I would take a good Breakfaſt in the Morning, a good Dinner at Noon, and a good Supper at Night.

Lord Sp. My Lord, this Veniſon is plaguily pepper'd. Your Cook has a heavy Hand.

Lord Sm. My Lord, I hope you are Pepper Proof. Come, here's a Health to the Founders.

Lady Sm. Ay, and to the Confounders too.

Lord Sm. Lady *Sparkiſh*, does not your Ladyſhip love Veniſon?

Lady

Lady Sp. No, my Lord, I can't endure it in my Sight; therefore pleaſe to ſend me a good Piece of Meat and Cruſt.

Lord Sp. [*Drinks to* Neverout.] Come, *Tom*, not always to my Friends, but once to you.

Nev. [*Drinks to Lady* Smart.] Come, Madam, here's a Health to our Friends, and hang the reſt of our Kin.

Lady Sm. [*To Lady* Anſwerall.] Madam, will your Ladyſhip have any of this Hare?

Lady Anſw. No, Madam; they ſay 'tis melancholy Meat.

Lady Sm. Then, Madam, ſhall I ſend you the Brains: I beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon, for they ſay, 'tis not good Manners to offer Brains.

Lady Anſw. No, Madam, for perhaps it will make me Hare-brain'd.

Nev. Miſs, I muſt tell you one Thing.

Miſs. [*With a Glaſs in her Hand.*] Hold your Tongue, Mr. *Neverout*; don't ſpeak in my Tip.

Col. Well, he was an ingenious Man that firſt found out eating and drinking.

Lord Sp. Of all Vittels, Drink digeſts the quickeſt. Give me a Glaſs of Wine.

Nev. My Lord, your Wine is too ſtrong.

Lord Sm. Ay, *Tom*, as much as you are too good.

Miſs. This Almond Pudden was pure good; but it is grown quite cold.

Nev. So much the better Miſs; cold Pudden will ſettle your Love.

Miſs. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, are you going to take a Voyage?

Nev. Why, do you aſk, Miſs?

Miſs. Becauſe, you have laid in ſo much Beef.

Sir

Sir John. You two have eat up the whole Pudden betwixt you.

Miſs. Sir *John*, here's a little Bit left, will you pleaſe to have it?

Sir John. No, thankee, I don't love to make a Fool of my Mouth.

Col. [*Calling to the Butler.*] *John*, is your Small-Beer good?

Butler. An pleaſe your Honour, my Lord and Lady like it; I think it is good.

Col. Why then, *John*, d'ye ſee, if you are ſure your Small-Beer is good, d'ye mark? Then give me a Glaſs of Wine, [*All laugh.*]

Lady Sm. Sir *John*, how does your Neighbour *Gatherall* of the Park? I hear he has lately made a Purchaſe.

Sir John. Oh; *Dick Gatherall* knows how to butter his Bread, as well as any Man in *Derbyſhire*.

Lady Sm. Why he uſed to go very fine, when he was here in Town.

Sir John. Ay, and it became him, as a Saddle becomes a Sow.

Col. I knew his Lady; and, I think, ſhe's a very good Woman.

Sir John. Faith, ſhe has more Goodneſs in her little Finger, than he has in his whole Body.

[*Colonel taſting the Wine.*]

Lord Sm. Well, Colonel, how do you like that Wine?

Col. This Wine ſhould be eaten; 'tis too good to be drank.

Lord Sm. I'm very glad you like it; and, pray don't ſpare it.

Col. No, my Lord; I'll never ſtarve in a Cook's Shop.

Lady

Lady Sm. And, pray Sir *John*, what do you ſay to my Wine?

Sir John. I'll take another Glaſs firſt: Second Thoughts are beſt.

Lord Sp. Pray, Lady *Smart*, you ſit near that Ham, will you pleaſe to ſend me a Bit?

Lady Sm. With all my Heart. [*She ſends him a Piece.*] Pray, my Lord, how do you like it?

Lord Sp. I think it is a Limb of *Lot*'s Wife. [*He eats it with Muſtard.*] I'gad, my Lord, your Muſtard is very uncivil.

Lady Sm. Why uncivil, my Lord?

Lord Sp. Becauſe, it takes me by the Noſe, I'gad.

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, I find you are a very good Carver.

Col. Oh Madam, that's no Wonder; for you muſt know, *Tom Neverout* carves a-Sundays.

[*Mr.* Neverout *overturns the Saltcellar.*]

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, you have overturn'd the Salt; and that's a Sign of Anger. I'm afraid Miſs and you will fall out.

Lady Anſw. No, no; throw a little of it into the Fire, and all will be well.

Nev. O Madam, the falling *out* of Lovers, you know———

Miſs. Lovers! very fine! fall *out* with him! I wonder when we were *in*.

Sir John. For my Part, I believe the young Gentlewoman is his Sweet-Heart; there's ſuch fooling and fidling betwixt them. I am ſure, they ſay in our Country, that ſhiddle come ſh——'s the Beginning of Love.

Miſs. Nay, I love Mr. *Neverout*, as the Devil loves holy Water. I love him like Pye, I'd rather the Devil wou'd have him than I.

Miſs.

Miſs. Come, here's t'ye to ſtop your Mouth.

Nev. I'd rather you would ſtop it with a Kiſs.

Miſs. A Kiſs! marry come up my dirty Couzin: Are you no ſicker? Lord! I wonder what Fool it was, that firſt invented kiſſing?

Nev. Well, I'm very dry.

Miſs. Then you are the better to burn, and the worſe to fry.

Lady Anſw. God bleſs you, Colonel, you have a good Stroak with you.

Col. O Madam, formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing; I eat but one Meal a-Day.

Miſs. What? I ſuppoſe, Colonel, that's from Morning till Night.

Nev. Faith, Miſs, and well was his Want.

Lord Sm. Pray, Lady *Anſwerall*, taſte this Bit of Veniſon.

Lady Anſw. I hope, your Lordſhip, will ſet me a good Example.

Lord Sm. Here's a Glaſs of Cyder fill'd. Miſs, you muſt drink it.

Miſs. Indeed, my Lord, I can't.

Nev. Come Miſs; better Belly burſt than good Liquor be loſt.

Miſs. Piſh, well, in Life there was never any Thing ſo teazing; I had rather ſhed it in my Shoes: I wiſh it were in your Guts, for my Share.

Lord Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, you ha'n't taſted my Cyder yet.

Nev. No, my Lord, I have been juſt eating Soupe; and they ſay, if one drinks in one's Porridge, one will cough in one's Grave.

Lord Sm. Come, take Miſs's Glaſs, ſhe wiſh't it was in your Guts; let her have her Wiſh for once; Ladies can't abide to have their Inclinations croſs't.

Lady

Lady Sm. [*To Sir* John.] I think, Sir *John*, you have not taſted the Veniſon yet.

Sir John. I ſeldom eat it, Madam: However, pleaſe to ſend me a little of the Cruſt.

Lord Sp. Why, Sir *John*, you had as good eat the Devil, as the Broth he's boyl'd in.

Nev. I have dined as well as my Lord-Mayor.

Miſs. I thought I could have eaten this Wing of a Chicken; but, I find, my Eye's bigger than my Belly.

Lord Sm. Indeed, Lady *Anſwerall*, you have eaten nothing.

Lady Anſw. Pray, my Lord, ſee all the Bones on my Plate. They ſay, a Carpenter's known by his Chips.

Nev. Miſs, will you reach me that Glaſs of Jelly?

Miſs. [*Giving it to him.*] You ſee, 'tis but aſk and have.

Nev. Miſs, I would have a bigger Glaſs.

Miſs. What, you don't know your own Mind; you are neither well full nor faſting. I think that is enough.

Nev. Ay, one of the enough's: I am ſure it is little enough.

Miſs. Yes, but you know ſweet Things are bad for the Teeth.

Nev. [*To Lady* Anſwerall.] Madam, I don't like this Part of the Veal you ſent me.

Lady Anſw. Well, Mr. *Neverout*, I find you are a true *Engliſh*-Man, you never know when you are well.

Col. Well, I have made my whole Dinner of Beef.

Lady Anſ. Why, Colonel, a Belly full is a Belly full, if it be but of Wheat-Straw.

Col.

Col. Well, after all, Kitchen Phyſick is the beſt Phyſick.

Lord Sm. And the beſt Doctors in the World, are Doctor *Diet*, Doctor *Quiet*, and Doctor *Merryman*.

Lord Sp. What do you think of a little Houſe well filled?

Sir John. And a little Land well till'd?

Col. Ay, and a little Wife well will'd?

Nev. My Lady *Smart*, pray help me to ſome of the Breaſt of that Gooſe.

Lord Sm. Tom, I have heard, that Gooſe upon Gooſe is falſe Heraldry.

Miſs. What! will you never have done ſtuffing?

Lord Sm. This Gooſe is quite raw. Well; God ſends Meat, but the Devil ſends Cooks.

Nev. Miſs, can you tell which is the white Gooſe, or the grey Gooſe the Gander?

Miſs. They ſay, a Fool will aſk more Queſtions, than twenty wiſe Men can anſwer.

Col. Indeed, Miſs, *Tom Neverout* has poſed you.

Miſs. Why, Colonel, every Dog has his Day. But, I believe, I ſhall never ſee a Gooſe again, without thinking on Mr. *Neverout*.

Lord Sm. Well ſaid Miſs; I'faith Girl, thou haſt brought thy ſelf off cleverly. *Tom*, what ſay you to that?

Col. Faith, *Tom* is nonpluſt; he looks plaguily down in the Mouth.

Miſs. Why, my Lord, you ſee he's the provokingeſt Creature in Life: I believe, there is not ſuch another in the varſal World.

Lady Anſw. Oh Miſs, the World's a wide Place.

Nev. Well, Miſs, I'll give you Leave to call me any Thing, ſo you don't call me Spade.

Lord

Lord Sm. Well, but after all, *Tom*, can you tell me what's *Latin* for a Gooſe?

Nev. O my Lord, I know that; Why, Brandy is *Latin* for a Gooſe; and *Tace* is *Latin* for a Caudle.

Miſs. Is that Manners, to ſhew your Larning before Ladies? Methinks you are grown very briſk of a ſudden. I think, the Man's glad he's alive.

Sir John. The Devil take your Wit, if this be Wit; for it ſpoils Company. Pray, Mr. Butler, bring me a Dram after my Gooſe; 'tis very good for the Wholeſoms.

Lord Sm. Come, bring me the Loaf; I ſometimes love to cut my own Bread.

Miſs. I ſuppoſe, my Lord, you lay longeſt a Bed to-Day.

Lord Sm. Miſs, if I had ſaid ſo, I ſhould have told a Fib: I warrant you lay a Bed 'till the Cows came home. But, Miſs, ſhall I cut you a little Cruſt, now my Hand is in?

Miſs. If you pleaſe, my Lord; a Bit of under Cruſt.

Nev. [*Whiſpering Miſs.*] I find you love to lie under.

Miſs. [*Aloud; puſhing him from her.*] What does the Man mean? Sir, I don't underſtand you at all.

Nev. Come, all Quarrels laid aſide: Here, Miſs, may you live a thouſand Years. [*He drinks to her.*]

Miſs. Pray Sir, don't ſtint me.

Lord Sm. Sir *John*, will you taſte my *October?* I think it is very good; but, I believe, not equal to yours in *Derbyſhire.*

Sir John. My Lord, I beg your Pardon; but, they ſay, the Devil made Aſkers.

Lord Sm. [*To the Butler.*] Here, bring up the great Tankard full of *October*, for Sir *John.*

Col.

Col. [*Drinking to Miſs.*] Miſs, your Health; may you live all the Days of your Life.

Lady Anſ. Well, Miſs, you'll certainly be ſoon marryed: Here's two Bachelors drinking to you at once.

Lady Sm. Indeed, Miſs, I believe you were wrapt in your Mother's Smock, you are ſo well beloved.

Miſs. Where's my Knife, ſure I han't eaten it? O, here it is.

Sir John. No, Miſs, but your Maidenhead hangs in your Light.

Miſs. Pray, Sir *John*, is that a *Derbyſhire* Compliment? Here, Mr. *Neverout*, will you take this Piece of Rabbit, that you bid me carve for you?

Nev. I don't know.

Miſs. Why, why, take it, or let it alone.

Nev. I will.

Miſs. What will you?

Nev. Why, take it, or let it alone.

Miſs. Well, you're a provoking Creature.

Sir John. [*Talking with a Glaſs of Wine in his Hand.*] I remember a Farmer in our Country.

Lord Sm. [*Interrupting him.*] Pray, Sir *John*, did you ever hear of Parſon *Palmer?*

Sir John. No, my Lord; what of him?

Lord Sm. Why, he uſed to preach over his Liquor.

Sir John. I beg your Pardon. Here's your Lordſhip's Health; I'd drink it up, if it were a Mile to the Bottom.

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, have you been at the new Play?

Nev. Yes, Madam, I went the firſt Night.

Lady Sm. Well, and how did it take?

Nev. Why, Madam, the Poet is *damn'd.*

Sir

Sir John. God forgive you; that's very uncharitable; you ought not to judge ſo raſhly of any Chriſtian.

Nev. [*Whiſpers Lady* Smart.] Was ever ſuch a Dunce? How well he knows the Town! ſee how he ſtares like a ſtuck Pig! Well, but Sir *John*, are you acquainted with any of our fine Ladies yet? Any of our famous Toaſts?

Sir John. No, damn your Fireſhips; I have a Wife of my own.

Lady Sm. Pray, my Lady *Anſwerall*, how do you like theſe preſerved Oranges?

Lady Anſ. Indeed, Madam, the only Fault I find, is, that they are too good.

Lady Sm. O, Madam, I have heard 'em ſay, that too good, is ſtark nought.

[*Miſs drinking Part of a Glaſs of Wine.*]

Nev. Pray, let me drink your Snuff.

Miſs. No, indeed, you ſhan't drink after me; for you'll know my Thoughts.

Nev. I know them already; you are thinking of a good Huſband. Beſides, I can tell your Meaning, by your Mumping.

Lady Sm. Pray, my Lord, did not you order the Butler to bring up a Tankard of our *October* to Sir *John?* I believe, they ſtay to brew it.

[*The Butler brings the Tankard to Sir* John.]

Sir John. Won't your Lordſhip pleaſe to drink firſt?

Lord Sm. No, Sir *John*, 'tis in a very good Hand: I'll pledge you.

Col. [*To Lord* Smart.] My Lord, I love *October*

as

as well as Sir *John*; and I hope, you won't make Fiſh of one, and Fleſh of another.

Lord Sm. Colonel, you're heartily welcome: Come, Sir *John*, take it by Word of Mouth, and then give it the Colonel.

[*Sir* John *drinks.*]

Lord Sm. Well, Sir *John*, how do you like it?

Sir John. Not as well as my own in *Derbyſhire*. 'Tis plaguy ſmall.

Lady Sm. I never taſte Malt Liquor; but they ſay, 'tis well Hopp'd,

Sir John. Hopp'd! Why, if it had hopp'd a little further, it would have hopp'd into the River. O, my Lord; my Ale is Meat, Drink, and Cloth. It will make a Cat ſpeak, and a wiſe Man dumb.

Lady Sm. I was told, ours was very ſtrong.

Sir John. Ay, Madam, ſtrong of the Water: I believe, the Brewer forgot the Malt, or the River was too near him. Faith, it is meer Whip-belly-vengeance: He that drinks moſt, has the worſt Share.

Col. I believe, Sir *John*, Ale is as plenty as Water, at your Houſe.

Sir John. Why, Faith, at *Chriſtmas* we have many Comers and Goers; and they muſt not be ſent away without a Cup of good *Chriſtmas* Ale, for fear they ſhould p--ſs behind the Door.

Lady Sm. I hear, Sir *John* has the niceſt Garden in *England*; they ſay, 'tis kept ſo clean, that you can't find a Place where to ſpit.

Sir John. O, Madam, you are pleaſed to ſay ſo.

Lady Sm. But, Sir *John*, your Ale is terrible ſtrong and heady in *Derbyſhire*; and will ſoon make one drunk and ſick, what do you then?

Sir

Sir John. Why, indeed, it is apt to Fox one; but our Way is, to take a Hair of the ſame Dog next Morning. I take a new laid Egg for Breakfaſt; and Faith, one ſhould drink as much after an Egg, as after an Ox.

Lord Sm. Tom Neverout, will you taſte a Glaſs of the *Octōber?*

Nev. No, Faith, my Lord, I like your Wine; and I won't put a Churl upon a Gentleman; Your Honour's Claret is good enough for me.

Lady Sm. What? is this Pigeon left for Manners? Colonel, ſhall I ſend you the Legs and Rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a Bit more, if the Houſe was full.

Lord Sm. [*Carving a Partridge.*] Well, one may ride to *Rumford* upon this Knife, it is ſo blunt.

Lady Anſw. My Lord, I beg your Pardon; but they ſay, an ill Workman never had good Tools.

Lord Sm. Will your Lordſhip have a Wing of it?

Lord Sp. No, my Lord, I love the Wing of an Ox a great deal better.

Lord Sm. I'm always cold after eating.

Col. My Lord, they ſay, that's a Sign of long Life.

Lord Sm. Ay, I believe I ſhall live 'till all my Friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does any Body here hate Cheeſe? I would be glad of a Bit.

Lord Sm. An odd kind of Fellow dined with me t'other Day; and when the Cheeſe came upon the Table, he pretended to faint. So, ſome Body ſaid, pray take away the Cheeſe: No, ſaid I, pray take

take away the Fool: Said I well? [*Here a long and loud Laugh.*]

Col. Faith, my Lord, you ſerved the Coxcomb right enough: And therefore, I wiſh we had a Bit of your Lordſhip's *Oxfordſhire* Cheeſe.

Lord Sm. Come, hang ſaving, bring us a half-porth of Cheeſe.

Lady Anſw. They ſay, Cheeſe digeſts every Thing but itſelf.

[*Footman brings in a great whole Cheeſe.*]

Lord Sp. Ay, this would look handſome if any Body ſhould come in.

Sir John. Well, I'm weily broſten, as they ſayn in *Lancaſhire*.

Lady Sm. Oh, Sir *John*, I wou'd I had ſomething to broſt you withal.

Lord Sm. Come, they ſay, 'tis merry in Hall, when Beards wag all.

Lady Sm. Miſs, ſhall I help you to ſome Cheeſe? Or, will you carve for your ſelf?

Nev. I'll hold fifty Pound, Miſs won't cut the Cheeſe.

Miſs. Pray, why ſo, Mr. *Neverout?*

Nev. O, there is a Reaſon, and you know it well enough.

Miſs. I can't, for my Life, underſtand what the Gentleman means.

Lord Sm. Pray, *Tom*, change the Diſcourſe, in troth you are too bad.

[*Colonel whiſpers* Neverout.]

Col. Smoak, Miſs, you have made her fret like Gum taffety.

Lady Sm. Well; but Miſs, (hold your Tongue, Mr. *Neverout*) ſhall I cut you a Bit of Cheeſe?

Miſs. No really, Madam, I have dined this half Hour.

Lady Sm. What? quick at Meat, quick at work, they ſay.

[*Sir* John *nods.*]

Lord Sm. What, you are ſleepy Sir *John.* Do you ſleep after Dinner?

Sir John. Yes, Faith, I ſometimes take a Nap after my Pipe; for when the Belly's full, the Bones will be at reſt.

Lord Sm. Come, Colonel, help your ſelf, and your Friends will love you the better.

[*To Lady* Anſwerall.]

Madam, your Ladyſhip eats nothing.

Lady Anſw. Lord, Madam, I have fed like a Farmer; I ſhall grow as fat as a Porpoiſe: I ſwear, my Jaws are weary with chawing.

Col. I have a Mind to eat a Piece of that Sturgeon, but I fear it will make me ſick.

Nev. A rare Soldier indeed; let it alone, and I warrant, it won't hurt you.

Col. Well, but it would vex a Dog to ſee a Pudden creep.

[*Sir* John *riſes.*]

Lord Sm. Sir *John*, what are you doing?

Sir John. Swolks, I muſt be going, by'r Lady; I have earneſt Buſineſs; I muſt do, as the Beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

Lord Sm. Well, but ſtay 'till this Bottle's out: You know, the Man was hanged that left his Liquor

quor behind him; beſides, a Cup in the Pate, is a Mile in the Gate; and, a Spur in the Head, is worth two in the Heel.

Sir John. Come then, one Brimmer to all your Healths.

[*The Footman gives him a Glaſs half full.*]

Pray, Friend, what was the reſt of this Glaſs made for? An Inch at the Top, Friend, is worth two at the Bottom.

[*He gets a Brimmer, and drinks it off.*]

Well; there's no Deceit in a Brimmer; and there's no falſe Latin in this, your Wine is excellent good, ſo I thank you for the next; for, I am ſure of this. Madam, has your Ladyſhip any Commands in *Derbyſhire?* I muſt go fifteen Miles To-Night.

Lady Sm. None, Sir *John*, but to take Care of yourſelf; and my moſt humble Service to your Lady unknown.

Sir John. Well, Madam, I can but love and thank you.

Lady Sm. Here, bring Water to waſh; though really you have all eaten ſo little, that you have no Need to waſh your Mouths.

Lord Sm. But prithee, Sir *John*, ſtay a while longer.

Sir John. No, my Lord, I am to ſmoak a Pipe with a Friend, before I leave the Town.

Col. Why, Sir *John*, had not you better ſet out To-morrow?

Sir John. Colonel, you forget, To-morrow is *Sunday*.

Col. Now, I always love to begin a Journey on Sundays, becauſe I ſhall have the Prayers of the

Church, to preſerve all that Travel by Land or by Water.

Sir John. Well, Colonel, thou art a mad Fellow to make a Prieſt of.

Nev. Fye, Sir *John*, do you take Tobacco? How can you make a Chimney of your Mouth?

Sir John. [*To* Neverout.] What? you don't ſmoak, I warrant you, but you ſmock. (Ladies, I beg your Pardon.) Colonel, do you never ſmoke?

Col. No, Sir *John*, but I take a Pipe ſometimes.

Sir John. I'Faith, one of your finical *London* Blades dined with me laſt Year in *Derbyſhire:* So, after Dinner, I took a Pipe: So, my Gentleman turn'd away his Head: So, ſaid I, what Sir, do you never ſmoak? So, he anſwered as you do, Colonel, no; but I ſometimes take a Pipe: So, he took a Pipe in his Hand, and fiddled with it, 'till he broke it: So, ſaid I, pray, Sir, can you make a Pipe? So, he ſaid, no: So, ſaid I, why then, Sir, if you can't make a Pipe, you ſhould not break a Pipe. So, we all laught.

Lord Sm. Well, but Sir *John*, they ſay, that the Corruption of Pipes, is the Generation of Stoppers.

Sir John. Colonel, I hear you go ſometimes to *Derbyſhire*, I wiſh you would come and foul a Plate with me.

Col. I hope, you'll give me a Soldier's Bottle.

Sir John. Come, and try.

Sir John. Mr. *Neverout*, you are a Town-Wit, can you tell me what Kind of Herb is Tobacco?

Nev. Why, an *Indian* Herb, Sir *John*.

Sir John. No, 'tis a Pot-Herb; and ſo here's t'ye in a Pot of my Lord's *October*.

Lady

Lady Sm. I hear, Sir *John*, ſince you are married, you have forſworn the Town.

Sir John. No, Madam, I never forſwore any Thing but building of Churches.

Lady Sm. Well, but Sir *John*, when may we hope to ſee you again in *London?*

Sir John. Why, Madam, not 'till the Ducks have eat up the Dirt, as the Children ſay.

Nev. Come, Sir *John*, I foreſee it will rain terribly.

Lord Sm. Come, Sir *John*, do nothing raſhly, let us drink firſt.

Lord Sp. Nay, I know Sir *John* will go, though he was ſure it would rain Cats and Dogs. But, pray ſtay, Sir *John*, you'll be Time enough to go to Bed by Candle-light.

Lord Sm. Why, Sir *John*, if you muſt needs go, while you ſtay, make good Uſe of your Time. Here's my Service to you. A Health to our Friends in *Derbyſhire.*

Sir John. Not a Drop more.

Col. Why, Sir *John*, you uſed to love a Glaſs of good Wine in former Times.

Sir John. Why, ſo I do ſtill, Colonel; but a Man may love his Houſe very well, without riding on the Ridge; beſides, I muſt be with my Wife on *Tueſday*, or there will be the Devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go To-Day, I wiſh you may be wet to the Skin.

Sir John. Ay, but they ſay, the Prayers of the Wicked won't prevail.

[*Sir* John *takes his Leave, and goes away.*]

Lord Sm. Well, Miſs, how do you like Sir *John?*

Miſs.

Miſs. Why, I think, he's a little upon the Silly, or ſo; I believe he has not all the Wit in the World; but I don't pretend to be a Judge.

Nev. Faith, I believe he was bred at *Hogsnorton*, where the Pigs play upon the Organs.

Lord Sp. Why, *Tom*, I thought you and he had been Hand and Glove.

Nev. Faith, he ſhall have a clean Threſhold for me, I never darkned his Door in my Life, neither in Town, nor Country; but, he's a queer old Duke, by my Conſcience; and yet, after all, I take him to be more Knave than Fool.

Lord Sm. Well, come, a Man's a Man, if he has but a Hoſe on his Head.

Col. I was once with him, and ſome other Company, over a Bottle; and I'gad, he fell aſleep, and ſnored ſo loud, that we thought he was driving his Hogs to Market.

Nev. Why, what? You can have no more of a Cat, than her Skin. You can't make a Silk Purſe out of a Sow's Ear.

Lord Sp. Well, ſince he's gone, the Devil go with him, and Sixpence; and there's Money and Company too.

Nev. Pray, Miſs, let me aſk you a Queſtion?

Miſs. Well, but don't aſk Queſtions with a dirty Face. I warrant, what you have to ſay, will keep cold.

Col. Come, my Lord, againſt you are diſpoſed. Here's to all that love and honour you.

Lord Sp. Ay, that was always *Dick Nimble*'s Health, I'm ſure you know, he is dead.

Col. Dead! Well, my Lord, you love to be a Meſſenger of ill News, I'm heartily ſorry; but, my Lord, we muſt all dye.

Nev.

Nev. I knew him very well; but pray, how came he to dye?

Miſs. There's a Queſtion! You talk like a Poticary. Why, he dyed, becauſe he could live no longer.

Nev. Well; reſt his Soul; we muſt live by the Living, and not by the Dead.

Lord Sp. You know his Houſe was burnt down to the Ground.

Col. Yes, it was in the News. Why; Fire and Water are good Servants, but they are very bad Maſters.

Lord Sm. Here, take away, and ſet down a Bottle of Burgundy. Ladies, you'll ſtay and drink a Glaſs of Wine before you go to your Tea.

[*All's taken away, and the Wine ſet down.*]

[*Miſs gives* Neverout *a ſmart Pinch.*]

Nev. Lord, Miſs, what d'ye mean? D'ye think I have no feeling?

Miſs. I'm forced to pinch, for the Times are hard.

Nev. [*Giving Miſs a Pinch.*] Take that, Miſs: What's Sawce for a Gooſe, is Sawce for a Gander.

Miſs. [*ſcreaming.*] Well, Mr. *Neverout*, if I live, that ſhall neither go to Heaven nor Hell with you.

Nev. [*takes Miſs's Hand.*] Come, Miſs, let us lay all Quarrels aſide, and be Friends.

Miſs. Don't be mauming and gauming a Body ſo. Can't you keep your filthy Hands to your ſelf?

Nev. Pray, Miſs, where did you get that Pick-Tooth Caſe?

Miſs. I came honeſtly by it.

Nev.

Nev. I'm ſure it was mine, for I loſt juſt ſuch a one. Nay, I don't tell you a Lye.

Miſs. No, if you Lye, 'tis much.

Nev. Well, I'm ſure 'tis mine.

Miſs. What, you think every Thing is yours; but a little the King has.

Nev. Colonel, you have ſeen my fine Pick-Tooth Caſe: Don't you think this is the very ſame?

Col. Indeed, Miſs, it is very like it.

Miſs. Ay, what he ſays, you'll ſwear.

Nev. Well; but I'll prove it to be mine.

Miſs. Ay, do if you can.

Nev. Why; what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.

Miſs. Well, run on 'till you're weary, no Body holds you.

[Neverout *gapes.*]

Col. What, Mr. *Neverout*, do you gape for Preferment?

Nev. Faith, I may gape long enough before it falls into my Mouth.

Lady Sm. Mr. *Neverout*, I hear you live high.

Nev. Yes, Faith, Madam, live high, and lodge in a Garret.

Col. But, Miſs, I forgot to tell you, that Mr. *Neverout* got the deviliſheſt Fall in the Park To-Day.

Miſs. I hope he did not hurt the Ground. But, how was it Mr. *Neverout?* I wiſh I had been there to laugh.

Nev. Why, Madam, it was a Place where a Cuckold had been bury'd, and one of his Horns ſticking out, I happened to ſtumble againſt it. That was all.

Lady

Lady Sm. Ladies, let us leave the Gentlemen to themſelves; I think it is Time to go to our Tea.

Lady Anſw. and *Miſs.* My Lords, and Gentlemen, your moſt humble Servant.

Lord Sm. Well, Ladies, we'll wait on you an Hour hence.

[*The Gentlemen alone.*]

Lord Sm. Come, *John*, bring us a freſh Bottle.

Col. Ay, my Lord; and pray let him carry off the dead Men, (as we ſay in the Army.) [*Meaning the empty Bottles.*]

Lord Sp. Mr. *Neverout*, pray is not that Bottle full?

Nev. Yes, my Lord, full of Emptineſs.

Lord Sm. And, d'ye hear, *John*, bring clean Glaſſes.

Col. I'll keep mine, for I think the Wine is the beſt Liquor to waſh the Glaſſes in.

Third CONVERSATION.

[*The Ladies at their Tea.*]

Lady Smart. WELL, Ladies, now let us have a Cup of Diſcourſe to our ſelves.

Lady Anſw. What do you think of your Friend Sir *John Spendall?*

Lady Sm. Why, Madam, 'tis happy for him that his Father was born before him.

Miſs. They ſay, he makes a very ill Huſband to my Lady.

Lady Anſ. Well, but he muſt be allowed to be the fondeſt Father in the World.

Lady Sm. Ay, Madam, that's true; for they ſay, the Devil is kind to his own.

Miſs. I am told, my Lady manages him to Admiration.

Lady Sm. That I believe, for ſhe's as cunning as a dead Pig; but not half ſo honeſt.

Lady Anſw. They ſay, ſhe's quite a Stranger to all his Gallantries.

Lady

Lady Sm. Not at all; but you know, there's none ſo blind, as they that won't ſee.

Miſs. Oh, Madam, I am told, ſhe watches him as a Cat would watch a Mouſe.

Lady Anſw. Well, if ſhe ben't foully bely'd; ſhe pays him in his own Coyn.

Lady Sm. Madam, I fancy I know your Thoughts, as well, as if I were within you.

Lady Anſw. Madam, I was t'other Day in Company with Mrs. *Clatter*; I find ſhe gives her ſelf Airs of being acquainted with your Ladyſhip.

Miſs. O, the hideous Creature! Did you obſerve her Nails. They were long enough to ſcratch her Granum out of her Grave.

Lady Sm. Well, ſhe and *Tom Goſling* were banging Compliments backwards and forwards. It look'd like two Aſſes ſcrubbing one another.

Miſs. Ay, claw me, and I'll claw thee: But, pray Madam, who were the Company?

Lady Sm. Why; there was all the World, and his Wife. There was Mrs. *Clatter*, Lady *Singular*, the Counteſs of *Talkham*, (I ſhould have named her firſt) *Tom Goſlin*, and ſome others, whom I have forgot.

Lady Anſw. I think the Counteſs is very ſickly.

Lady Sm. Yes, Madam, ſhe'll never ſcratch a grey Head, I promiſe her.

Miſs. And pray, what was your Converſation?

Lady Sm. Why, Mrs. *Clatter* had all the Talk to her ſelf, and was perpetually complaining of her Misfortunes.

Lady Anſw. She brought her Huſband ten thouſand Pounds; ſhe has a Town-Houſe, and Country-Houſe; would the Woman have her —— hung with Points?

Lady

Lady Sm. She would fain be at the Top of the Houſe, before the Stairs are built.

Miſs. Well, Compariſons are odious; but ſhe's as like her Huſband, as if ſhe were ſpit out of his Mouth; as like as one Egg is to another. Pray, how was ſhe dreſt?

Lady Sm. Why, ſhe was as fine as Five-pence; but truly, I thought there was more Coſt than Worſhip.

Lady Anſ. I don't know her Huſband; pray, what is he?

Lady Sm. Why, he's a Concealer of the Law; you muſt know, he came to us as drunk as *David*'s Sow.

Miſs. What kind of Creature is he?

Lady Sm. You muſt know the Man and his Wife are coupled like Rabits; a Fat and a Lean. He's as fat as a Porpoiſe, and ſhe's one of *Pharaoh*'s lean Kine. The Ladies, and *Tom Goſlin*, were propoſing a Party at *Quadrille*, but he refuſed to make one; damn your Cards, ſaid he, they are the Devil's Books.

Lady Anſ. A dull, unmannerly Brute! Well, God ſend him more Wit, and me more Money.

Miſs. Lord, Madam, I would not keep ſuch Company for the World.

Lady Sm. O, Miſs, 'tis nothing when you are uſed to it. Beſides, you know; for Want of Company, welcome Trumpery.

Miſs. Did your Ladyſhip play?

Lady Sm. Yes, and won; ſo I came off with Fidler's Fare, Meat, Drink, and Money.

Lady Anſ. Ay, what ſays Pluck?

Miſs. Well, my Elbow itches, I ſhall change my Bed-fellow.

Lady

Lady Sm. And my Left-Hand itches, I ſhall receive Money.

Lady Anſ. And my Right-Eye itches, I ſhall cry.

Nev. Miſs, I hear your Friend, Mrs. *Giddy*, has diſcarded *Dick Shuttle*; pray, has ſhe got another Lover?

Miſs. I hear of none.

Nev. Why, the Fellow's rich, and I think ſhe was a Fool, to throw out her dirty Water, before ſhe got clean.

Lady Sm. Miſs, that's a very handſome Gown of yours, and finely made, very genteel.

Miſs. I'm glad your Ladyſhip likes it.

Lady Anſ. Your Lover will be in Raptures, it becomes you admirably.

Miſs. Ay, I aſſure you, I won't take it as I have done, if this won't fetch him, the Devil fetch him, ſay I.

Lady Sm. [*To Lady* Anſwerall.] Pray, Madam, when did you ſee Sir *Peter Muckworm?*

Lady Anſ. Not this Fortnight: I hear, he's laid up with the Gout.

Lady Sm. What does he do for it?

Lady Anſ. Why, I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes Uſe of nothing but Patience, and Flannel.

Miſs. Pray, how does he and my Lady agree?

Lady Anſ. You know he loves her.——

Miſs. They ſay, ſhe plays deep with Sharpers, that cheat her of her Money.

Lady Anſ. Upon my Word, they muſt riſe early that would cheat her of her Money. Sharp's the Word with her: Diamonds cut Diamonds.

Miſs. Well, but I was aſſured from a good Hand,

Hand, that ſhe loſt at one Sitting, to the Tune of a hundred Guineas, make Money of that.

Lady Sm. Well, but do you hear, that Mrs. *Plump* is brought to Bed at laſt?

Miſs. And pray, what has God ſent her?

Lady Sm. Why, gueſs if you can.

Miſs. A Boy, I ſuppoſe.

Lady Sm. No, you are out, gueſs again.

Miſs. A Girl then.

Lady Sm. You have hit it; I believe you are a Witch.

Miſs. O, Madam, the Gentlemen ſay, all fine Ladies are Witches; but I pretend to no ſuch Thing.

Lady Anſ. Well, ſhe had good Luck to draw *Tom Plump* into Wedlock; ſhe riſes with her —— upwards.

Miſs. Fye, Madam, what do you mean?

Lady Sm. O, Miſs, 'tis nothing what we ſay among ourſelves.

Miſs. Ay, Madam, but they ſay, Hedges have Eyes, and Walls have Ears.

Lady Anſ. Well, Miſs, I can't help it; you know I am old Tell-truth, I love to call a Spade, a Spade.

[*Lady* Smart *miſtakes the Tea-Tongs for a Spoon.*]

Lady Sm. What, I think my Wits are a Woollgathering To-Day.

Miſs. Why, Madam, there was but a Right, and a Wrong.

Lady Sm. Miſs, I hear that you and Lady *Couplers*, are as great as Cup, and Can.

Lady Anſ. Ay, as great as the Devil, and the Earl of *Kent*.

Lady

Lady Sm. Nay, I am told you meet together with as much Love, as there is between the old Cow and the Hay-Stack.

Miſs. I own, I love her very well; but there's Difference betwixt ſtaring and ſtark mad.

Lady Sm. They ſay, ſhe begins to grow fat.

Miſs. Fat, ay, fat as a Hen in the Forehead.

Lady Sm. Indeed, Lady *Anſwerall*, (pray forgive me) I think your Ladyſhip looks a little thinner, than when I ſaw you laſt.

Miſs. Indeed, Madam, I think not; but your Ladyſhip is one of *Job*'s Comforters.

Lady Anſ. Well, no Matter how I look; I am bought and ſold. But really, Miſs, you are ſo very obliging, that I wiſh I were a handſome young Lord for your Sake.

Miſs. O, Madam, your Love's a Million.

Lady Sm. [*To Lady* Anſwerall.] Madam, will your Ladyſhip let me wait on you to the Play Tomorrow.

Lady Anſ. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your Ladyſhip.

Miſs. What, then I'm turn'd out for a Wrangler.

[*The Gentlemen come in to the Ladies, to drink Tea.*]

Miſs. Mr. *Neverout*, we wanted you ſadly; you are always out of the Way, when you ſhould be hang'd.

Nev. You wanted me? Pray, Miſs, how do you look, when you lye?

Miſs. Better than you when you cry, Manners indeed. I find, you mend like ſower Ale in Summer.

Nev.

Nev. I beg your Pardon, Miſs; I only meant, when you lye alone.

Miſs. That's well turn'd; one Turn more would have turn'd you down Stairs.

Nev. Miſs, come be kind for once, and order me a Diſh of Coffee.

Miſs. Pray, go your ſelf; let us wear out the oldeſt firſt. Beſides, I can't go, for I have a Bone in my Leg.

Col. They ſay, a Woman need but once look on her Apron Strings to find an Excuſe.

Nev. Why, Miſs, you are grown ſo peeviſh, a Dog would not live with you.

Miſs. Mr. *Neverout*, no Offence I hope; but, truly, I think, in a little Time, you intend to make the Colonel as bad as your ſelf; and that's as bad as bad can be.

Nev. My Lord; don't you think Miſs improves wonderfully of late? Why, Miſs, if I ſpoil the Colonel, I hope you will uſe him as you do me; for you know, love me, love my Dog.

Col. How's that, *Tom?* ſay that again. Why, if I am a Dog, ſhake Hands Brother.

[*Here a great, loud and long Laugh.*]

Lord Sm. But, pray Gentlemen, why always ſo ſevere upon poor Miſs. On my Conſcience, Colonel, and *Tom Neverout*, one of you two are both Knaves.

Col. My Lady *Anſwerall*, I intend to do my ſelf the Honour of dining with your Ladyſhip Tomorrow.

Lady Anſ. Ay, Colonel, do if you can.

Miſs. I'm ſure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Col.

Col. Miſs, I thank you; and to reward you, I'll come and drink Tea with you in the Morning.

Miſs. Colonel, there's two Words to that Bargain.

Col. [*To Lady* Smart.] Your Ladyſhip has a very fine Watch; well may you wear it.

Lady Sm. It is none of mine, Colonel.

Col. Pray, whoſe is it then?

Lady Sm. Why, 'tis my Lord's; for, they ſay, a marry'd Woman has nothing of her own, but her Wedding-Ring, and her Hair-Lace. But if Women had been the Law-Makers, it would have been better.

Col. This Watch ſeems to be quite new.

Lady Sm. No, Sir, it has been twenty Years in my Lord's Family, but *Quare* lately put a new Caſe and Dial-Plate to it.

Nev. Why, that's for all the World like the Man, who ſwore he kept the ſame Knife for forty Years, only he ſometimes changed the Haft, and ſometimes the Blade.

Lord Sm. Well, *Tom*, to give the Devil his due, thou art a right Woman's Man.

Col. Od ſo, I have broke the Hinge of my Snuff-Box, I'm undone, beſide the Loſs.

Miſs. A-lack-a-Day, Colonel, I vow I had rather have found forty Shillings.

Nev. Why, Colonel; all I can ſay, to comfort you, is, that you muſt mend it with a new one.

[*Miſs laughs.*]

Col. What, Miſs, you can't laugh, but you muſt ſhew your Teeth.

Miſs. I'm ſure, you ſhew your Teeth, when you can't bite. Well, thus it muſt be, if we ſell Ale.

Nev. Miſs, you ſmell very ſweet: I hope, you don't carry Perfumes.

Miſs. Perfumes! No, Sir, I'd have you to know, it is nothing but the Grain of my Skin.

Lord Sp. So, Ladies, and Gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another: Come, box it about, 'twill come to my Father at laſt.

Col. Why, my Lord, you ſee Miſs has no Mercy, I wiſh ſhe were marry'd; but I doubt, the grey Mare would prove the better Horſe.

Miſs. Well, God forgive you for that Wiſh.

Lord Sp. Never fear him, Miſs.

Lord Sm. What have you to ſay to that, Colonel?

Nev. O, my Lord, my Friend, the Colonel, ſcorns to ſet his Wit againſt a Child.

Miſs. Scornful Dogs will eat dirty Puddens.

Col. Well, Miſs, they ſay, a Woman's Tongue is the laſt Thing about her that dyes: Therefore, let's kiſs and Friends.

Miſs. Hands off.

Lord Sp. Faith, Colonel, you are in for Ale, and Cakes. But, after all, Miſs, you are too ſevere; you would not meddle with your Match?

Miſs. All they can ſay, goes in at one Ear, and out at t'other for me, I can aſſure you; only, I wiſh they would be quiet, and let me drink my Tea.

Nev. What, I warrant you think all is loſt that goes beſide your own Mouth.

Miſs. Pray, Mr. *Neverout*, hold your Tongue for once, if it be poſſible. Women! One would think you were a Woman in Men's Cloaths, by your prating.

Nev. No, Miſs, it is not handſome to ſee one hold one's Tongue; beſides, I ſhould ſlobber my Fingers.

Col.

Col. Miſs, did you never hear, that three Women, and a Gooſe, are enough to make a Market.

Miſs. I'm ſure, if Mr. *Neverout*, or you, were among them, it would make a Fair.

[*Footman comes in.*]

Lady Sm. Here, take away the Tea-Table, and bring up Candles.

Lady Anſ. O, Madam, no Candles yet, I beſeech you; don't let us burn Day-Light.

Nev. I dare ſwear; Miſs, for her Part, will never burn Day-Light, if ſhe can help it.

Miſs. Lord, Mr. *Neverout*, one can't hear ones own Ears for you.

Lady Sm. Indeed, Madam, it is blind Man's Holiday, we ſhall ſoon be all of a Colour.

Nev. Why then, Miſs, we may kiſs where we like beſt.

Miſs. Fogh, theſe Men talk of nothing but kiſſing. [*She ſpits.*]

Nev. What, Miſs, does it make your Mouth water?

Lady Sm. It is as good to be in the Dark, as without Light; therefore, pray bring in Candles. They ſay, Women, and Linnen, ſhew beſt by Candle-Light. Come, Gentlemen, are you for a Party at *Quadrille?*

Col. I'll make one, with you three Ladies.

Lady Anſ. I'll ſit down, and be a Stander-by.

Lord Sm. [*To Lady* Anſwerall.] Madam, does your Ladyſhip never play?

Col. Yes, I ſuppoſe, her Ladyſhip plays ſometimes for an Egg at *Eaſter*.

Never. Ay, and a Kiſs at *Chriſtmas*.

Lady Anſ. Come, Mr. *Neverout*, hold your Tongue, and mind your Knitting.

Nev. With all my Heart. Kiſs my Wife, and welcome.

[*The Colonel, Mr.* Neverout, *Lady* Smart, *and Miſs, go to* Quadrille, *and ſit 'till Three in the Morning.*] [*They riſe from Cards.*]

Lady Sm. Well, Miſs, you'll have a ſad Huſband, you have ſuch good Luck at Cards.

Nev. Indeed, Miſs, you dealt me ſad Cards; if you deal ſo ill by your Friends, what will you do with your Enemies?

Lady Anſ. I'm ſure, 'tis Time for all honeſt Folks to go to Bed.

Miſs. Indeed, my Eyes draws Straw. [*She's almoſt aſleep.*]

Nev. Why, Miſs, if you fall aſleep, ſome Body may get a Pair of Gloves.

Col. I'm going to the Land of Nod.

Nev. Faith, I'm for *Bedfordſhire.*

Lady Sm. I'm ſure, I ſhall ſleep without rocking.

Nev. Miſs, I hope you'll dream of your Sweetheart.

Miſs. O, no doubt of it: I believe, I ſhan't be able to ſleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [*To Miſs.*] Madam, I ſhall have the Honour to eſcorte you.

Miſs. No, Colonel, I thank you. My Mama, has ſent her Chair, and Footmen. Well, my Lady *Smart*, I'll give you Revenge whenever you pleaſe. [*Footman comes in.*]

Footman. Madam, the Chairs are waiting.

[*They all take their Chairs, and go off.*]

FINIS.

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